Mariquita

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JOHN BEATTIE,
CLIFTON.

MARIQUITA.

BY

HENRY GRANT.

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TO

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,

WHO HAS BEEN GRACIOUSLY PLEASED TO ORDER A COPY OF MY POEM (BOUND IN MOROCCO), FOR THE ROYAL LIBRARY AT WINDSOR CASTLE;

TO THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES

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AND TO

THE SUBSCRIBERS,

THROUGH WHOSE KINDNESS I HAVE BEEN ENABLED TO PUBLISH THIS WORK IN THE FORM IN WHICH I NOW PRESENT IT, I BEG TO EXPRESS MY HUMBLE AND GRATEFUL THANKS.

HENRY GRANT.

CLIFTON, *September* 7, 1863.

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PREFACE.

WHAT dream is like the dream of life! The bourn
That separates the unreal from the real,
The perishable from the imperishable,
We see not. Busy phantoms of the brain
Lure us to plan great things, to do great things,
Knowing not even the spirit we are of.
Man would be famous in all time. He founds
A dynasty, builds up a family,
Invents a polity, endows a creed—
His name shall be exalted, while the sun
Endures—The immortality he covets
His own right arm, his own good sword, shall win,
His mind create, his piety attain.
But let us lift the veil and see the end—
The dream evanishes, and melts away
Into thin air, on wings of gossamer
Lighter than air. The mighty of the earth,
The marshalled myriads whose onward tread
Once shook the crimsoned plains, the conqueror,
The fortress that he bathed in fire and blood,
The city that he built, and called by name,

Have perished out of sight—the sterile sand
Hideth their ashes many a fathom deep—
They cease to moulder, and the dust of death
Doth garner them in death.

See on the crest
Of yonder rock, a castellated keep—
The stronghold of an iron race, whose frown
Was feared and felt afar. Strange are the lights
That wildly gleam, as if from spectre eyes,
Through fractured wall and hollow embrasure:
And strange the sounds that linger in the hall
That echoed once with song and revelry.
Birds of ill omen, with their boding cries,
Frequent the chambers of the ladye fair
And belted knight. The goodly companie,
The bridegroom and the bride, the joyous group—
They are all passed away—their very name
And lineage is lost.

Adown the glen,
Adown the silver stream, a lonely hut,
Surrounded by its modest garden plot,
Shelters a humble cottier family.
A cheerful fagot blazes on the hearth;
A cheerful matron cooks the noontide meal;
The thrush sings in the brake, and high in air

Carols the lark. A blue-eyed maiden trips,
With lithesome step and blooming cheek, to fill
Her pitcher at the well. Hard by the brook
The children are at play—a boisterous crew—
Their game a boat-race, and they cheer the stick
That beats the straw in sailing down the stream.
But here comes one they know. The little troop
Are off to meet the stalwart labourer,
And cluster round him as he leads them home.
The hut is built so rudely that it seems
To have but little hold upon the soil;
The store ingathered for the winter months
Is very scant; little is there to meet
The pinch of sickness, or the casual blight
Of adverse seasons if they touch the crop:
And yet through all the store hath never failed
From year to year; not for a thousand years
Fails there a man to till the little plot,
Nor children's faces round the humble board.
There is a prop somewhere—

MARIQUITA.

I.

Low in the forest glade, upon the moss,
They laid me down and folded me to sleep.
I recollect my waking from that sleep;
A light serenely pure and beautiful
Was shining, and I watched it as I lay;
Then, as I lifted up my infant hands,
It moved—it came to me—and I could see
Eyes that were smiling on me—lips that smiled,
Nearer and nearer, till they touched my lips.
It was my mother's smile—that holy light
That waked within my heart its first impression
Of love and happiness! But never more
Saw I that smile. They told me she was dead.
I knew not what it was they meant to tell,
Nor what it was to die; I only knew
That never more I saw her holy smile.

Next, I remember, there was hurrying
Away, I knew not where—away by night—
Away, through deepening shadows, deepening gloom,
And through the wildering maze of giant trees,
That waved their arms against the star-lit sky,
As bidding us farewell.

But of that night
I recollect no more; nor of the days
Which followed; nor how far we travelled on;
Nor when we reached the solitary tower
Upon the open plain. To Torreveas
We came—the old grey tower—it was our home
For many a year. Over the wide, wide plain
I roamed at will. The circle of my rambles
Extended with my years. I liked that life;
The free untrammelled range, the cloudless skies,
The sweet fresh air of morn upon the wold.

Dolores was my nurse, a shepherd's wife:
I fear she had an evil time with me.
She could not overtake her household work,
And follow me, who loved to have my way,
And go my way. It wearied me, I said,
To hear her old world stories told so often.
'Would she but study how to season them
With the variety and piquancy
With which her ollas were prepared.' Ah! now
I know and can appreciate her worth.
Even if her winter evening entertainments
Were from a repertory rather threadbare.

But I was not without a friend and guide,
And faithful guardian in my wanderings

Upon the plain; and had a wolf come nigh,
It would have been seen clearly that my choice,
As to protection and companionship,
Was sensible. Stronger than any wolf,
And of high courage, and devotion rare,
My brave dog, Osman, was an abler guardian
Than a whole train of nurses to attend me.

My father seldom came to Torreveas;
He lived at Cordova. My memory
And notions of a father at that time
Were strangely dim. He little noticed me.
He came to weigh and take away the wool;
And even then I hardly saw his face.
He wore his hat low down upon his brows,
His cloak so as to muffle chin and mouth;
And what I saw of him invited not
My fancy, by an effort, to supply
The missing features of a countenance
That had no pleasant light. I knew not then
The story of my early orphanage,
Nor whence his claim or title to the name
Of father.

On the sunny sward my step
Was light and free; nor cross nor care I knew
Till my twelfth year. And then a rumour came;
The flock was sold; we were to leave the plain;

We were to leave the tower; the time was short;
To morrow we must go. I asked not whither—
I recked not whither. When the sun was low
I called poor Osman—he was getting old,
Poor Osman—and I went with heavy heart
To take my farewell walk upon the plain.
But neither did I stoop to kiss the flowers
Nor mingled with the falling dew my tears,
But drearily I felt, and drearily
Looked into the dark future. When the sun
Went down, and Osman looked up wistfully,
I turned to leave the dusky plain, with steps
No longer light and free. I thought it hard
To part with Osman; but my father said
It must be so: he must be left behind.
He died that night. I think they poisoned him.

At daybreak, we were mounted upon mules,
And as we travelled onward, the grey tower
Of Torreveas faded from our sight.
That day we rode to Cordova—the next
To Mangonegro. There we were to live.
How beautiful is Cordova! how poor,
How mean looked Mangonegro!—and the dust!
The wretched pueblecita* it was choked
With dust. The houses of the labradores,*

* Appendix A.

The clothes they wore, the gardens and the fields,
Were all one shade ; as though the people revelled
In dust. And here we were to live. Ah me!

But God disposes better than we know.
Wearily passed the day, and wearily
A second day ; but on the third there came
A blind man ; and he had a dog that led him.
The man looked poor, his clothes were travel-soiled,
The dog was panting with the dust and heat ;
And I went out and asked if I might fetch
A bowl of water, that the dog might drink.
My offer was received with thanks and blessings.
As the dog drank, I saw that he was thin,
And said, if he were hungry I would share
My dinner with him ; and the blind man said,
" He shares with me most days ; but for to-day
I have it not. I thank you, Señorita."
" Nay, then," I answered, " if you have it not,
We have enough, and you shall dine with us,
And we will share together what we have."
The poor old man bent low : he bent his head
To offer up his wonted prayer to Heaven,
Breathed silently. But one that passed our door,
And heard me ask him in, said quietly,
" God bless your tender heart, my little maid,
And may you never want!" The kindly voice

Attracted me. I looked to see who spoke;
I met her eye; she nodded pleasantly,
And we were friends. The constant intercourse
That followed—for we never missed a day—
Was fraught with untold benefits to me.
Rosa, my good, my kind, my patient friend,
Had passed the spring and summer of her days,
Tending the poor and sick in hospitals
And charitable houses. Of herself
She never thought: the fount of sympathy
In her was ever welling up, as full,
As fresh, as in the morn and prime of life,
Ere bitter disappointments and regrets
Have sullied or impoisoned the pure stream.
She found me shy, untractable, and wild.
She gently led me, gently guided me.
She brought me books, and taught me every day
But from her books I never learnt so much
As from the lessons of her clear bright mind.
Her sweetness would so soothe my bitterness;
Her calm so conquer my impulsiveness;
Her constancy so check my waywardness;
Her love so win my heart.

Thus passed three years.
My father never all these years came once
To Mangonegro. Then, quite suddenly,

When I was in my fifteenth year, he came,
With troubled brow, to make his home with us.
Misfortune had pursued him: he had lost
All that he had, and we were now to feel
The pinch of want. The little we could raise,
Parting with ornaments and household stuff,
Was spent at last. We breakfasted that day
Tógether, but had nothing more to place
Before my father. So we sat till evening,
And then he said to me: "Look you, my child,
You have a friend, go ask a loan of her,
That we may eat." I answered not a word—
A tear—'twas only one, if one escaped—
Stood in my eye. He looked—looked hard at me,
And said, "It seems you have not yet been taught
The duty of obedience." I replied,
"My friend has for her wants enough for her,
But nothing more. If I should ask of her
To give her evening meal to us, too surely
She would deny herself, and we might share
Her slender store; and what would it avail
To stay our hunger?" He said, angrily,
"You have not learned your duty;" and I answered,
"God will provide." "Ay, surely," he replied,
"We soon may sup in heaven." I sat silent.
My father sat and smoked; at intervals
He muttered words that hardly reached my ear.

Night had set in. Our lamp was burning low,
And there remained to us to seek in sleep
The solace which forgetfulness imparts;
When one who travelled late came down the street.
We heard the footfall of the mule he rode.
He stopped before our door, and we went out
To see who it might be. It was a shepherd,
Who came to see my father, and obtain
Such knowledge of the herbage of the plain
As his experience at Torreveas
Enabled him to give. Our house we offered,*
But told him that for supper—as I faltered
My father said the word, and bitterly—
" For supper, this my child so dutiful,
Has set before me, both for meat and drink,
The simple fare, which you shall share with us—
' *God will provide.*' " The shepherd clasped his hands,
And, in the moonlight, I could see he looked
With streaming eyes to Heaven, as he said,
" There is no feast, my brother, to compare
With that; and we may hope to share this night
The bounties which our Father will provide.
I had intended you should sup with me;
Now it is clear that I must sup with you.
I come not empty-handed; and I pray
Your kind acceptance of the humble boon.

* Appendix B.

The bread of Cordova is good, the fowls
Are good; so I replenished there my saddle-bags.
All they contain is yours. ‘ God will provide.’ ”

Whatever delicate embarrassment
We might have felt, Dolores seemed resolved
To dissipate at once. With hearty zest
She took possession of the saddle-bags,
And occupied herself with their contents,
Cooking our supper with a ready hand;
While to the nearest inn the traveller
Repaired to feed his mule. On his return,
The fire was blazing cheerily on the hearth,
And as he entered, by its light I scanned
The aspect of our visitor. A countenance
More nobly beautiful I never saw.
Years had not dimmed the lustre of his eye,
But o’er his shoulders and upon his breast,
His hair like silver, and his flowing beard,
White as the snow of the Sierra,* fell.
His rough and homely garb—his shepherd garb—
Betokened his condition; but his air
Of quiet, unaffected humbleness,
Gave promise of an easy pleasant evening
With such a guest.

* Appendix A.

And thankfully we gathered
Around the table; and the dear old man,
He bid Dolores sit by him, and share
What she had cooked for us with so much skill.
And while we supped, he asked from time to time
The information that he sought: what range
There was upon the plain; how many sheep
My father kept, and how much rent he paid.
And then he thanked us with a kindly grace,
And said he only wished we could be neighbours
At Torreveas—were it possible.
His master (a good master he had served
Through a long life) had given him the flock,
Which he knew well to tend; but in all else,
The sale of wool, the rent of land and tower,
He was a child, without experience.
Could he but find a partner, to divide
The burden and responsibility,
And bargain for the rent of tower and land,
And manage well the yearly sales of wool——
He paused. My father eyed him curiously,
As one that doubts the motive or the man
Will scan another. With a quiet smile,
The shepherd added, " Perfect confidence
Is of slow growth; and I can only wish
That I were better known." He paused again.
My father answered, hurriedly, " Agreed—

I hardly understand you, but a man
That's drowning must needs catch at any straw—
Agreed." The shepherd cordially replied,
" Agreed, if you consent to let me be
Simply your servant, in the humble path
Of life that suits me best—a shepherd's life.
And if this gentle maiden will consent
To manage all for me, then you can pay
My share to her, for household purposes
And daily food. I wish to have no care,
Save for my sheep." My father said, " Agreed—
Stranger! your name." The colour slightly rose
To the old man's cheek, as low he bent his head,
" Your servant, Esteban, am I henceforth,
In every lawful duty." How serene
He looked; how noble in humility!

II.

And now, seen from afar, the old grey tower
Beckons us on: and as we travel on
I breathe with new delight the free sweet air,
So fresh upon the plain. "It is a landscape,"
Said Esteban, "that offers less of earth
And more of sky. May all my pilgrimage
Be so!"

My kind friend, Rosa, I had left
Regretfully; but she had cheered my heart
By promising to come and visit me
Next year at Torreveas; were it only
To see the bloom upon my cheek once more.
"Now God hath sent," she said, "this generous friend,
And there is some good end to be fulfilled
More than we see or know. The fine old man—
He is no shepherd; yes, he is a shepherd,
And you the one ewe lamb he means to tend—
But of a thousand you would note his bearing:
He is a highborn man. The hand of God,
That brought him hither, guide your onward steps,
And guard your path!"

And now upon the wold,
The wilderness, where as a child afar
I loved to roam, my step is light and free.
The blue horizon bounds the golden landscape,
The sky bends to salute the lip of earth;
Earth melteth into sky. The glorious arch
Of heaven spans all the circle of the plain.
And here I freely breathe, and freely rove
From bank to sunny bank, so bright, so gay
With flowers of every hue profusely spread,
All glittering in the glow of that warm sky.

But when the shadows lengthen on the sward,
And all the wild flowers close their tiny cups,
What I love best is my accustomed seat,
With dear old Esteban, upon the mound,
The highest on the plain, whence he surveys
The pasture all around. There with much care
He spreads his cloak upon the ground for me.
There of an evening, and for many an hour,
I sit with Esteban, and learn of him
The names of all the flowers that deck the plain,
The names of all the stars that stud the sky,
And stories of old times and other lands.
And there he reads to me his wondrous book
Of holy story, and of holy song,
A book of living words, of burning words.

And there were times, when, leaving him awhile
To seek some flowers to decorate my veil,
I'd silently steal back again, and lurk
Behind the mound to hear old Esteban
Lift up his voice, as he was wont to do
At eventide—in words so beautiful,
So musical, that often in my dreams
My charmed ear would vibrate yet again
With the entrancing sounds—and then I'd wake
With lips all tremulous for utterance,
Because my heart would echo them again.

Esteban's book of sacred song and story;
Esteban's orisons—how bright their light—
That golden Autumn! And how cheerfully
We passed the Winter season in the tower!
We were but three in family. My father
Came not to Torreveas in those months.
Esteban and Dolores, they were all
I had with me. But with the early days
Of Spring, another cherished friend appeared.

The day I well remember. Esteban
Was on the plain, and to look out for him
I had ascended to the highest turret;
Whence, in the distance, on the old approach
And roadway, I perceived a cloud of dust,

Increasing in its volume as it came
Winding along—for it came winding on
Like a great serpent. I could see, at length,
The figures of a motley cavalcade—
A long and straggling line of horses, mules,
And asses. Huddled on their backs, they bore
Women and children, and all sorts of gear—
Vessels for cooking, canvass, poles for tents—
While men afoot conducted them, and dogs
Ran alongside. 'Twas like a moving fair.
And though the garments of the party showed
Full many a patch and rent, they still looked gay:
The colours were so varied and so bright.
And on they came, with easy jaunty gait,
As though their weary march and pilgrimage
Were one long holiday. The nut-brown brats
In panniers pleased me more than all the rest.
On one old burro* were no less than four—
Two upon either side—and they maintained
A fight with wands and straws, pellets and sand,
Two against two, across the ass's back.
Now as they passed the tower, to wend their way
Down to the Soto,* half a league below,
There stept from out their ranks one whom I thought
Might well be Queen of all the wandering tribe—
So dignified her bearing, and her speech

* Appendix A.

So grave and courteous. She saluted me,
For I came down to see them as they passed;
And she inquired whether old Esteban
Were still my father's shepherd; but her look
Was anxious, and the colour left her lips
Even as she spoke, and so I tarried not
To give an answer. "God be praised!" I said,
"My dear friend, Esteban, is still with us,
And even now he tends my father's flock
Upon the plain; and if your grace be pleased
To see him, I will call him, or conduct you
To where I hope to find him." "That is best,"
She answered quickly; so I led the way.
Her heart was full. I walked on silently
Before her, and when yet a long way off,
I pointed to the mound where Esteban
Stood leaning on his staff. She hastened on,
Nor slacked her speed till she embraced his knees;
Then looking up, as he bent over her,
Full wistfully she gazed into his face—
Upon her father's face the daughter gazed—
To read the lines that years had not effaced,
And all the lines that years and cares had stamped
Deep in the furrows of his noble brow.
At length he murmured, "Sara, O my child!
Returned to bless me, and receive my blessing!
Child of my heart!" Then, in the overflow

Of tenderness, he pressed her to his heart
With fond endearment; and I turned to go.
Nor could I quite repress the rising sigh,
To hear the dear familiar words of love
Bestowed on her—a stranger hitherto
To me. I felt she had the better claim,
But that prevented not the starting tear.
I turned to go; but Esteban observed me,
And took my hand and Sara's hand, and joined them,
And pressed them in his own with much emotion;
Exclaiming, "Now, blessed be God! I see
My little flock enfolded in my arms.
He whom I serve hath brought it all to pass—
He who hath loved us—He hath gathered us
Under His wings; no longer scattered, driven,
Like hunted partridge on the mountain side;
But brooded now within His sheltering love.
And this, our little one—what think you, Sara?
Hath she not Eva's eyes?" Then Sara spoke
Some words—I understood not what they were—
And Esteban was silent. But I thought
And pondered on the words that fell from him,
Till Sara spoke again, and cautioned me
That there was danger—danger to them both—
In coming into Spain. "Forget," she said,
"The words that you have heard to-night. Forget
That Esteban, the shepherd, hath a daughter,

Who harbours with the wandering Zincali.*
If you can keep our secret, I may hope
To see my father daily on the plain,
And sit with him, and in that happy hour
Forget our trials and anxieties."
That evening when we parted at the mound,
And Esteban arose to go with me,
Sara went down to join the Zincali,
Where they had pitched their tents. Afar, I spied
Two of them come to meet her by the way,
As though they watched for her.

When in the dusk
Of evening we approached the tower, we found
There was a stranger at the outer gate.
A youth—one of the wandering tribe—who led
In hand a horse of pure Arabian blood,
And beauty rare. The lad besought our leave
To stable or to picket him that night
At Torreveas He had stayed behind,
To soothe the savage fury of the horse
Maddened by all the turmoil and the noise
Of such a multitude. I ran to fetch
Some bread to give him, and the beauteous creature
Arched his proud neck, and ate it from my hand.
I said that I should like to keep him always,

* Appendix A.

And feed him every day, and gallop him
Over the plain. The youth said, " Señorita,
If you will keep him for the next few weeks,
I shall be most beholden to your goodness;
But he will ill requite your generous care.
He will not let you ride him—'tis a horse
No man can ride." Then Esteban inquired,
" Why do you keep him?" And the youth replied,
" We keep him as we bought him—for our sins.
He cost us twelve gold ounces. We shall never touch
Our gold again." But Esteban said, " Nay,
It is the barb you shall not touch again:
The gold I promise you—the colt I buy
For Mariquita." So the Selim colt,
A beautiful Arabian, was bought—
The beautiful Arabian was mine.
I gave him a new name—Campeador.
I asked when I might ride him. Esteban
Decided that I must not think of it
Till the horse knew me and would follow me,
Just as poor Oscar used to follow me.
Therefore, I used to call him to the door
And feed him from my hand, and lead him out
For pasture. And I did so for a month:
Thus we became inseparable friends.
And proud was Esteban, when soothing him
With gentle voice and with a gentle hand,

He set me on the horse no man could ride.
Stately as a procession, the first day,
Our pace upon the sward. There was more life
The second. And the pace increased, ere long,
Till, as a seabird wheeling its swift flight
Over the waves, I could be seen afar,
Campeador and I in full career,
Upon the open plain.

And every day
Came Sara to the mound. We looked for her
At the accustomed hour: and then I rode
To welcome her and bring her on her way.
There she would sit with Esteban for hours.
Sometimes I sat with them; but oftener
I circled round them on Campeador,
In fairy rings, as Esteban would say.
One day I saw, a great way off, a speck—
A dark speck on the plain. It seemed to move.
I watched it. It came towards me. Then I rode
To view it from the summit of the mound.
I said to Esteban, "I see a man.
I think he rides, and hitherward he comes."
Esteban rose, and looked across the plain.
"Not many travellers," he said, "are wont
To visit us. No mule-track marks the way
By which this stranger comes. There is a priest

Come to the hermitage. The shepherds say
A meddler and a troubler of the plain.
Should this be he, and if I scan aright
The fashion of his raiment 'tis a priest,
It will be well, my children, you withdraw,
And leave the man to me. Go towards the Soto."

We went together, often looking back
At length we could discern against the sky
The figure of a man upon the mound,
And that he had dismounted from his mule,
To talk with Esteban. We now were screened
From observation, having made our way
Down to the Soto. There we stood in shade,
Behind a dark green fringe of stunted wood.
We waited long, the sun was going down,
When Sara said, " The stranger moves away.
My father waves to us: he will come down
To join us in the Soto. Now he points
To Torreveas, and he waves his staff
For you to go. So haste away, my child;
And if my father tarries late with me,
Fear not for him—we have good friends at hand.
She raised a silver whistle to her lips,
And from the forest, to her call, there came
Pepe, the youth that brought Campeador
To Torreveas; and there followed him

A dark-eyed matron of the Zincali,
Ines by name, and Pepe was her son.
Ines sat down by Sara, while the youth
Went off across the plain, leading a mule
For Esteban, to bring him to the spot
Where they awaited him. I tarried not,
But galloped home upon Campeador,
As night with sable wings came swiftly down,
Darkening the plain.
But many a weary hour
Succeeded weary hour that anxious night,
Ere Esteban returned. When he came in
Nothing escaped his lips as to the priest,
Nor why he stayed so late, nor what befel
After I left. But, ever and anon,
He looked at me as if his gentle eyes
Would fain express in floods of tenderness
That which lay deep within, yet unexpressed
Save by those gentle eyes. The night wore on.
We were about to part, when suddenly
He turned to me, and asked, "What say you, child,
To a forest life with Sara? How your eyes
Sparkle and speak! But I, what shall I choose?
The snows of many winters, year by year,
Cluster around the temples of my head.
I only pray for rest, and you must pray
For rest for me." He spoke with cheerfulness;

But after I had left him for the night,
An undefined but pressing sense of fear
Possessed my mind; and an intense desire,
As wakeful through so many hours I lay,
To open all my heart to one true friend,
And tell her all my thoughts. With morning light
I would seek Sara—sit with her alone,
And tell her that if danger threatened her
Or Esteban, I only wished to share
With them through life whatever was in store
Of coming happiness or coming ill,
If only I might have their confidence.
Then might she open all her heart to me,
And tell me all her story, and discover
The mystery that I could bear no longer—
What was the link between us—what the tie
That drew them thus to me, and what the fear
That overhung—why dwelt she thus apart,
With people of a stranger race and tongue.

The night was far spent ere I slept: the sun
Had mounted in the heavens many hours
When I awoke, still bent on seeing Sara.
But first I would tell Esteban. I knocked,
But all was silent. Either he was gone
Upon the plain, or slept a longer sleep
Than was his wont. I snatched a brief repast,
And hastened forth.

III.

I WANDERED forth alone. The summer sun
Shone brightly on the sward. A thousand flowers
Bloomed at my feet. A thousand fragrant odours
Breathed softly through the calm and grateful air.
I wandered on beneath that glowing sky—
On through the flower enamelled solitudes,
Till the plain trended, and there lay before me
A broken range of undulating ground.
The lowly plants and herbage of the plain
Were now replaced by shrubs that clothed the scene.
Rosemary, myrtle, flowering oleander,
Sweet marjoram, wild thyme, and lavender,
Covered the hillocks that around me rose;
But at their base I found a hollow way,
A miniature ravine, and followed it;
Till, startled by a sound, I paused to listen.
Was it a voice, a murmur, or a dream?
Were fairies dancing underneath the ground
Or marching on with music in their train—
Or whence that melody? I followed on,
And soon the mystery resolved itself:
There was a gurgling ripple; then a gush;

And from its subterranean channel leaping
A stream glanced forth, all sparkling in the sun,
Rejoicing in the light. And I rejoiced,
And called the tiny stream my friend and guide.
The silver thread by which to mark my way
Into the forest depths; the silver thread
By which securely to retrace my steps.
On then, with lightsome heart and quickened foot,
On to the Soto with my gay companion,
Cheered by the life and prattle of the stream.

The sun was high in heaven when I left
The realms of day—the warm and teeming earth,
And all the glorious canopy of sky—
To penetrate the dark domain of forest,
Nor without awe paused to survey the scene.
One vast and gloomy temple, far as eye
Could scan—a temple of an hundred aisles—
A stately colonnade of countless stems,
Roofed by rich masses of dark foliage,
And dimly lit by fitful rays and gleams—
Aisles that appeared, and, even as I gazed,
Faded away and vanished into darkness—
Aisles that I saw, and when I turned again
Were lost to sight. A temple of the dead—
Surely, I thought, a temple of the dead.
Along these forest aisles they walk in silence,

Departed spirits, through the solemn twilight,
That separates from Paradise the souls
Not yet made perfect. And I wandered on
As one that walked with that drear company
Unblest. How long—how long to linger here?
I paused, and I was answered—for mine ear
Drank in e'en now the liquid cheerfulness
And music of the stream serenely clear.
And I took courage as I followed on,
Even through the thickest darkness of the Soto.
Ere long my path was lightened. I approached
A clear expanse that opened out before me,
Discovering a beautiful small lake,
Bright as the sky reflected in its waters.
And now my streamlet lost itself; and now
I called—for surely Sara could not fail
To know this lovely haunt. Hither, I wist
The children of the Zincali come trooping
To cull the reeds and rushes; hither come
The maidens of the tribe to gather lilies,
And deck their hair, and view, as in a glass,
Their image pourtrayed in the calm clear lake.
I called. My voice resounded audibly;
But Sara answered not, nor was there sign
Of life, save that with startled energy
And flapping loud her wings, a bittern rose,
Sailing on high. But Sara—where is Sara?

Along the margin of the lake I strayed,
In idle mood, and with uncertain step;
And here I gathered rushes, there a lily,
Till on the further side I found again,
Escaping from the lake with murmur soft,
The little silver brook, my friend and guide,
And turned, as if by impulse, with the stream,
(Leaving the clear expanse of lake and sky,)
To follow on wherever it might flow.
The forest now another aspect wore;
The trees no longer interwove their branches,
Excluding day; but singly, or in groups,
Adorned the mossy glade and varied lawn,
And light and shade were exquisitely mingled:
The light so cheerful and the shade so grateful.
In this enchanted ground sweet breezes played,
And when the highest sprays waved to and fro,
And flickering rays moved lightly on the ground,
My fancy fain would conjure into being,
Winged cherubs flitting through the rustling leaves,
And sprites beneath in fairy circles dancing.
In this enchanted land I found new flowers,
And loitered willingly to gather them.
The stream flowed on—I followed on, and soon
A glimpse of a new country caught my eye,
And pressing on, there opened to my view
A finely watered Huerta,* rich in fruits,

* Appendix A.

And on the slopes beyond were olive trees
And clustering vineyards. On an upper ridge,
Cresting the slopes, appeared an orange grove;
And white walls, brightly glistening in the sun,
Announced the abode of man. I wondered much
Whose were these orchards and that fair domain.
A monastery bell resolved the question.
With heads low bending, and with solemn step,
In long array, defiling towards the chapel,
The ghostly fathers pass. And now I knew
These were the Benedictines—lords of all
These lands, and lords besides of all our plain,
And of the Soto. Often Esteban
Has told me of their wealth and their possessions,
And that their spacious monastery stood
Beyond the river. Where then is the river?
Onward I pressed, and soon I reached its bank,
And stood beside its waters—the Great River,
Famous in Moorish story and in song—
The Wady al Kebir.

I sate me down
To watch its flow. Went not my heart with thee,
Oh river, flowing on and ever flowing!
I dreamed day dreams of all the cities fair,
Laved by the tide of the Guadalquivir,
And chiefly Seville and its orangeries,

Its gardens of delight, its gaieties,
Its solemn festivals and high processions.
And as I sate, I occupied myself
Mechanically, and scarce knowing it,
Plaiting the rushes gathered at the lake.
And then I thought—ah! had I but a barque,
A fairy barque, to launch upon the waters,
A voyage I would quickly make to Seville.
My mocking fingers seemed to catch the thought,
And worked upon it all unconsciously
Until behold! a tiny boat complete,
Framed on a willow slip and planked with rushes.
I laughed, and said it should set sail at once
For Seville; and to represent myself
I placed a waterlily in the barge.
Sail on, oh barge! sail on, fair Mariquita!
And thus I launched it; and I clapped my hands
With glee, to see how swiftly by the stream
My barque was borne along. Alas! too swiftly.
Alas! too recklessly. Some hundred paces
From where I stood, for want of guiding hand,
Caught in a rapid eddy of the current,
The barque whirls round—turns over—and the lily
Floats in the stream—and I, as in despair,
Exclaimed, ah me! Alas! for Mariquita.

Just opposite the scene of my distress

There stood a thorn; and swiftly from the shade
Darted a figure. 'Tis a gallant youth;
He stems the tide, recovering the lily,
Nor stays his progress till, the river crossed,
He lays the trophy at my feet. Surprised,
I could but murmur forth my thanks. Surprised,
I could but ask him to accept the flower,
Which in itself was nothing, but the grace
And courage of the act—these made it worthy
To be thus offered, should he deem it worthy
Of his acceptance. So I thought, and stammered
Some few short words to say so. He replied
With grace and courtesy, that since he feared
So rough a rescue might have spoiled the lily
And tarnished it, it was a great relief
Thus to become its owner. Then, restoring
The flower, he prayed he might receive it straight
From my fair hand, and not from that cold river.
But when he asked me how I thus had lost it,
And why it bore the name of Mariquita,
I laughed, and told him of my childish fancy,
And then with grave significance, I said
It boded ill for me, and I felt sure
That I should never see the palaces
And beauteous gardens and delights of Seville.
But at the name of Seville he looked up,
And said, "Oh, Señorita, trust to me,
The omen is for good. I go to Seville

Ere yet another sun shall rise and set,
And Mariquita, by her misadventure,
Has found a surer and a safer way
Than that frail barque to reach her destined haven.
And thou, oh, lily of the plain, confide
The voyager to me, a safe companion—
Not yet, indeed, a father of the Church,
But under guidance, setting out for Seville,
My learning to rehearse, and more acquire
From spiritual doctors. So, fair lily,
Be sure that Mariquita shall be tended
With every pious care."

I heard a voice—
Yes, there were voices—and we turned to see
Who were the speakers. First, an old gitana,
Wrinkled as if a hundred years had chiselled
Their history in the deep indented lines
That seamed her furrowed brow—she led the way.
A priest was with her, and he spoke to her
Some words that made the old gitana writhe
Her withered lips as she suppressed a laugh.
I heard them not, but I disliked his look.
When they came up, she looked hard in my face,
And he, without saluting me, addressed
The youth who stood beside me, tauntingly;
Advising him, in case he did not know it,

That there was slippery ground this side the river,
And something of enchantment in the air,
That caused the hours to glide unheeded by,
And vespers thus had passed, of course, unnoticed.
But lest the Prior prove unduly harsh,
He humbly recommended they should briefly
Discuss some knotty question, or resolve
Some doubt—"and you may then say truly,
That having crossed the river, you encountered
Father Hunfredo; and when vespers rung,
Were so immersed——"

"A truce, a truce, I pray!
Spare me and spare your wit, most reverend Father
And give me leave to tell my simple story
To those who may concern themselves to hear it.
I plunged into the river for the rescue
Of that on which this Señorita sets
So high a value, that I find myself
Possessor of the prize for my reward.
Therefore, farewell. God guard you, Señorita;
And you, most reverend Sir; and you, Señora."
He dashed into the river, stemmed the tide,
Waved gracefully his hand, reclaimed a book
That he had left beneath the thorn, and soon
Was lost to sight. "In sooth, a dashing youth,"
Father Hunfredo said, "a likely youth,

But not exactly of the stuff and pattern
Wherewith we manufacture priests and monks."
But the old woman looked askance at me,
And told me that I ought not thus to go
In company with youths; and said, with spite,
That the young women of the Zincali
Knew better manners.* And I answered, sharply,
That I was innocent of wrong intention.
These were my manners, and I no way cared
What were the manners of the Zincali.
And so she peered into my face, and muttered
I knew not what. I felt I could have cried,
I was so vexed; but I repressed the tears,
Lest any one should deem I cared for her.
The Priest then spoke. Hither, in search of me,
He said that he had come to take me home,
For Esteban was dying. I drew back—
I did not like his look. I answered him,
'It is not true.' With passionate denial
I said, 'It is not true;'—and, in my transport
I seized the old gitana by her cloak,
'Tell me, it is not true.' But she replied,
"His thread is spun; his child sits at his feet,
Mourning the dead." The Priest then offered me
His hand, to lead me to the tower. I shrank

* Appendix C.

From him; but not to seem ungracious, said,
That I could go with far more speed alone.
But he persisted—"You are blind with tears,
And you will lose your way." And then he claimed
Authority, for I was his parishioner.
A voice behind me, in derision asked,
"Am I, too, your parishioner, Sir Priest?
Tell us your forest rights, what they may be,
And I will summon all the camp to hear."
'Twas Pepe; and he uttered a shrill call;
Then from the forest depths resounded far
The answer shrill, and one by one they came,
Young men and aged, till they formed a ring
Around us. Pepe said, "We all are here.
We thought the forest free—free to our camp,
Free to this weeping maiden to pass through
Alone, if so she would prefer to go.
But if we be parishioners of yours,
And if in truth you have authority
Or rule, we wait to learn it from your mouth."
Hunfredo answered, that he only offered
Protection through the forest to a maid,
Who, without doubt, was his parishioner.
Here an old man, the oldest of the camp,
Stepped forward, and inquired by what new law
The Hermitage, which never was a parish,
Conferred such powers. The Priest replied, with warmth,

That he would answer for the powers he used
To his superiors only. The old man
Replied with equal warmth, that in these precincts
He, as the father of the family
Camped in the forest, was superior
To any meddling priest. Thus the debate
Was waxing fierce, when, unexpectedly,
'Twas interrupted. At a frantic pace,
A boy, uncouth and strange, came galloping
Upon a little, wild, and shaggy pony,
Nor checked his course, till, in the very midst
Of where we stood, he stopped him with his voice;
And then and there the pony shook himself,
Just like a water-dog, distributing
A shower around. The younger Zincali
Laughed heartily—the boy, with air important,
Inquired if in this goodly company
Any could tell him how and where to find
The priest for whom these letters—one Hunfredo?
The Priest stepped forward, saying, "They are mine;
And you shall answer for thus soiling them."
"The ford is very deep, and we are small,"
The boy replied, "I and my little Jaca;*
And so we had to swim. It matters not
Whether the letters be illegible
Or legible, or whether you can read

* Appendix A.

Or cannot read; for all that they contain
Is to require you to proceed forthwith
Across the river to the Priory,
To see the Prior, touching certain persons
You have accused."

Hunfredo anxiously
Said to his ancient guide, "If it be so,
And if the ford be in good sooth so deep——"
But at this pass, Froila saw some signs
She did not like. "Hist! trembler, come with me,"
She said; and they went off—while, with a glare,
All eyes were bent upon the Priest; and sounds
Muttered between the teeth, portentously
Announced a coming storm. "If this be so,"
They said, "let him be followed up, and thrown
Into the river." Ines interposed:
"The accused," she said, "we hear, is far away
Beyond the reach of malice; and his daughter,
My friend, you will protect her—will you not?
Let there be nothing done with violence.
Gaspar can tell you that the accusation
Finds little favour at the Priory,
So let him go.

And this poor weeping child,
Blinded with tears, I will take care of her,
And lead her through the Soto to the tower."

IV.

Why such impatient haste, such breathless speed
Across the plain, if now thou standest shivering
Under the shadow of the open portal,
Oh, Mariquita! From the cheerful day,
Go in, go in—Acquaint thyself with death.
How dark and silent looked my home to me
That day—silent the hall—silent the roof—
And in that upper chamber drear, how silent!
With faltering step and slow I entered in.
With beating heart I entered. Sara sat
Mourning the dead. She neither moaned nor wept;
Meekly her arms were folded o'er her breast;
Her head was covered, and she swayed herself,
Unconscious haply, or as though she sought
To rock herself to sleep, because he slept.
And there lay Esteban in still repose,
His warfare over, and the victory won.
I gaze upon the well-beloved face,
Calm and untroubled in its dignity
Of aspect and expression. Who could wish
To call him back into the battle-field
Of life, to face again its stormy doom

And heritage of pain? I gaze again.
What say those lips—that speak, still speak to me—
That all is well. The paroxysm past,
Sara arose, and hand in hand we stood
To gaze upon the well-beloved face.
How beautiful in death! These silver locks
How like a glory round his noble brow!
Nor could we now repine; and if a sound
Passed Sara's lips, it was a low soft sigh,
The spirit murmuring, as winds will murmur
In orange groves, where charged with sweetest fragrance
And bearing precious seed from flower to flower.
They have a holy mission to fulfil:
And every sigh that breathed through Sara's lips
Told feelingly her yearning to depart
And be with Esteban—told touchingly
Her faith, her hope, and her unchanging love.

That night a sound that startled us—a sound
As if the winds were gathering for a storm—
Swept o'er the plain. A momentary pause—
And Sara said, "They come." And now I heard
The tramp of horses, and the riders' voices:
They come—the young men of the Zincali—
For Esteban, to bury him by night.
Ines came in to say a few brief words
To me. "Child, there are enemies at work.

An idle word, or one untoward step,
May cost us dear to-night. Only obey
And follow quietly, and question not."
She took from Sara's hands Esteban's book—
The book which since he died Sara had held
Clasped in her hands, or folded to her breast,
And wrapping it in linen carefully,
She placed it as a pillow for the dead—
Esteban's pillow—that on which he leaned
For all repose in life, for all repose
In death. The youths were called; they bore him forth,
Obeying every motion of her hand.
We followed, silently.

Over the plain,
The night was clear, and Ines led the way,
As if the trackless solitudes to her
Were well-known paths. The youths that bore the bier
Moved swiftly forward. Ever and anon,
Out of the troop of horsemen, other youths
Leaped from their horses, six replacing six,
To carry Esteban. Against the sky
At length a dark low building: 'tis the place
To which we travel: 'tis the resting place
For Esteban. It is the Hermitage.
Here is the chapel. We alight; our horses
Are picketed around; torches are lit.

A strongly fastened door is open swung,
Creaking and grating on its rusty hinges,
And straightway to the centre of the Chapel
The bier is borne. The tesselated pavement
Was broken up—a yawning chasm was there,
And there, with ropes, the bier is lowered down
Into the vault beneath. As we stood round,
The flaming torches shed a ghastly glare—
Such did it seem to me—a deathlike glare
On every face—on all but Esteban;
For every face but his looked black and pained.
Around his placid lips there floated still
The sweet expression of angelic peace,
So that he seemed the living—we the dying.
And as they lowered him, and lowered him,
Further and further from the lights they held,
Brighter and brighter shone his countenance,
As though it were an emanating light.
And for a moment, there appeared to me
That smile upon his lips which I had seen
But once, and never more; that one fond smile
That I had seen in early infancy
Upon my mother's lips.

Again the door,
Which we had shut, swings, grating noisily,
Upon its massive hinges. At a sign

From Sara, every torch was quickly quenched.
But while the young men of the Zincali
Moved swiftly to the door, my hand was grasped
By Ines, and she led both me and Sara
In silence to the altar, and behind it.
There she knelt down, and whispered, "Follow me."
A secret door admitted us. Low bending,
We passed along a winding corridor,
And thence by steps descended to a vault.
Here Ines struck a light, and we were hailed
As soon as seen. A guide awaited us—
The little boy that I had seen that day
Upon his Jaca. Here he was at home,
For here he had his stores of contraband.
Ines advised that he should go alone,
To ascertain if now the way were clear.
He went forthwith, and presently returned
In merry mood. "You should have seen the thieves;
You should have heard the Priest and alguacils*
Cursing the Zincali for your escape.
You should have heard the Zincali, in turn,
Jeering and gibing. 'Twas a first-rate play.
Then the lads, laughing, bade them name their price,
And they would catch you, and away they raced,
Away to Torreveas; and away
Went Priest and alguacils, riding their best
To outstrip them in the race. It was a treat.

* Appendix A.

And now the plain is free; the stars are kind,
And Pepe has our horses at the sheepcot."

Gaspar went forward, and we followed him
In silence from the vault, through a pine grove
Scarcely less gloomy. Once upon the plain,
With stars to light us on and lead us on,
Gaspar said, "We are safe. I see the sheepcot."
As we drew near it, Ines said to me,
"Now hearken, child. Your horse is fleet, and Gaspar
Can ride that none shall catch him. Gallop straight
To Mangonegro. There will Rosa tell you
What you must do. Gaspar will be your guide;
There is no better, through the despoblados."*
She said no more until we reached the sheepcot,
Where Pepe waited with Campeador,
And with three other horses—one for Ines,
And one for Sara, and his own. And then
Ines said, in a low voice, "You must part,
To baffle the pursuit." Sara replied not,
But kissed me; while the tears that hitherto
Were pent and prisoned, each within its cell,
Like rain-drops in a cloud, began to fall,
Touched by another cloud, in copious showers,
And I wept sore; for it seemed hard to me
To part with Sara.

* Appendix A.

Gaspar called his pony.
It answered to his voice, and ran to him.
We mounted, and away we flew; the boy
Leading the way at first, as is the custom
Of guides; but I requested him to ride
Beside me, for Campeador's proud spirit
Brooked not to follow, and he chafed and fumed,
So that 'twas difficult to manage him.
I found the lad belonged to Cordova,
And knew the country well. There was a scar
Upon his forehead of a frightful wound
In fray or fight. He told the story thus:—
Returning—he, his father, and their friends—
From the Mairena fair, where they had sold
Much stock, and it was known that they had taken
Much gold in payment, it was greatly feared
That robbers might waylay and plunder them.
The party were unarmed, and, if attacked,
Could offer no resistance; so they planned
That all the money should be stowed away
In the boy's pockets. On the fleetest horse
They set him, and his orders were to flee
At the first onset, sparing not the spur,
Should robbers threaten them. In force they came—
A ruthless gang. The lad attempted flight,
The butt end of a musket laid him low.
His father, interposing to protect him,

Was truculently murdered on the spot.
The rest gave in; the booty was secured.
The lad was carried home, and for a year
Lay prostrate from the blow. Recovered now,
And nothing daunted, he had just begun
Contrabandista life, with every chance
Of fresh adventures.

The boy's lively talk
Cheered me that night. The pony that he rode
Was full of tricks, and full of cunning too;
For if across the wold we missed the track,
The boy would loose the rein, and then the pony,
With nose upon the ground, would snort and snuff
And scent it out again unerringly.
At sunrise, I could see that we were near
The walls of Cordova. We skirted them,
Mended our pace, and, in another hour,
Entered the little town of Mangonegro.

V.

A NARROW lane, a by-way known to Gaspar,
Led to a little garden, where a child
Sat book in hand. I recognised at once
The garden. It was Rosa's. Oftentimes
I had been there, but knew not of the lane:
It was a by-path very little used.
At sight of us, the child threw down her book
And ran for Rosa. She came quickly forth,
Calling to Gaspar, "Follow down the lane,
And, where it meets the road, there you will find
One who awaits you." Then she welcomed me
With much affection, as she led me in.

"I cannot be to you in room of him,"
Said Rosa; "but when grief has run its course,
Esteban's memory will be sweet to you.
All I can be to you my heart desires
To be, and we have friends who can protect
And aid us. Letters have been forwarded
To Seville, to our Metropolitan,
The Cardinal Archbishop, praying him
To interfere in your behalf. To-night

We hope for a safe-conduct. And till then
I pray you sleep, my child, if you can sleep
On my poor trestle bed."

Because she wished,
I laid me down, but not to close my eyes;
For I had much to say, and much to ask.
And first I asked if Sara, too, had friends
To interpose for her, and might I hope
To see her soon. But Rosa shook her head:
"Sara, advised by those who know her danger,
Will doubtless seek again beyond the seas
A refuge and a home. She promises
That we shall hear of her. She has a friend
At Alicante, through whom her letters pass,
And you can write to her. Most earnestly
She prays me not to leave you. She has sent
A purse of gold; she says it is your own,
And more shall be supplied, as we have need—
But privately. She sends it privately
Lest trouble come of it; since there be those
That would be fain to profit by the knowledge—
Fain to make merchandise of you. But now
Is it your wish, dear child, to be with me?
What is your wish?" I answered that at once,
By taking Rosa's hand and pressing it
Warmly in mine. "And whither shall we go?"

I answered not at all. Then Rosa said:
"God will direct our way! It will be best
To wait till evening. I expect the youth
Who had the letters for the Cardinal.
'Tis a good youth: he promised to return
To-night. Then, when the answer is received,
We may be guided by it."

After dark,
Rosa went out: for she had named the house
Of a near neighbour for the interview,
To wait the coming of the messenger
From Seville. I lay down on Rosa's bed;
The little maid sat silent by my side,—
I liked to have her by me, for my sleep
Was broken; and I loved to see her gentle face
When spectral fancies woke me. Then I spoke
To her, and asked her if she had been long
With my friend Rosa? And the little maid
Told me her story.

Since her father's death
They had been very poor—so poor they knew not
How they might reckon on to-morrow's bread.
Her home was broken up. Her mother went
To keep house for a priest; her only brother
Had to make shift, though young, to keep himself;

And she was sent to learn to be a servant,
Where they had beaten her, and famished her
Until she ran away. She meant to run
To Seville. One day's journey landed her
By night in Mangonegro. But too tired
To go from house to house to ask for shelter,
She lay down in the street, resting her head
Upon a door-step. Rosa found her thus
Asleep, and carried her, still sleeping, home;
And when she woke she thought it was the work
Of some enchantress, thus to carry her
To a sweet room that opened to a garden,
So bright, so gay, a paradise of flowers,
There to be spoken to with kindest words,
And never hear an angry, bitter threat.
"'Twas an enchantment," said the little maid,
"And something else that's very wonderful,
I have to tell. But 'tis a secret. Will you keep
My secret? I will trust you. Though so young,
My brother has a pony of his own.
He is a trader, and he hopes some day
To be a grand rich merchant. Is not that
Like an enchantment, too, and me so poor?"

Full many a time that night I would say 'Hush,'
She would say "Hark." At length we hear her step,
And Rosa enters with that quiet air,

Expressive of the unclouded confidence
And peace, that seem to lift her as with wings
Above the troubled waves of earthly care,
Into a purer element. One look,
One smile, sufficed to reassure my mind.
We waited till the child was hushed in sleep,
Then Rosa said, "There is no room for doubt,
We go to Seville, where the Cardinal
Expects you, and will shield you from the malice
Of enemies. And first you owe this favour
To the good Prior who commended you
To the protection of his Eminence:
And to the youth, who never spared himself,
But rode to Seville. He is here again,
As by a miracle, a worthy youth,
He answers for your safety by the way.
Then I am known"—a slight flush tinged her face—
"Known to kind friends in Seville, who have told
The Cardinal that I instructed you
In Mangonegro, when your home was here.
So we shall find good friends, and powerful friends,
In Seville, and be far from enemies."

How good was Rosa! How considerate!
I felt, how much I could not well express,
Her kindness. To inhabit that lone tower,
With all my grief for Esteban, and all

My terror of Hunfredo—better far
To lay me down and die. With grateful heart
I entered into Rosa's plan for me,
And we resolved to go, as she advised,
Next day. Then she proposed that we should hire
Horse and tartana from a labrador
Well known to her, and thus, by easy stages,
Travel to Seville. She preferred that way.
So we set out next day, before the sun
Was risen. And we travelled in the cool
Of morn or eve. The little maid we took.
At times I walked along the road with her,
Or the conductor kindly stopped for us,
When gathering flowers we loitered by the way.
'Twas very pleasant.

Now, I had remarked,
And pointed out to Rosa when I saw,
That there were soldiers on the road. It seemed
They neither overtook us, nor did we
Outstrip them. In the heat we travelled not;
But when again that evening I observed
The soldiers on the road, and Sara saw them,
She said, "I make no doubt they follow us
For our protection; and the youth who rides
Beside them is, undoubtedly, the youth
Who went as messenger. The gracious youth—

How delicate his courtesy to us!
He keeps behind us, not to intrude on us,
And companies with soldiers by the way."
It was so every day—they followed us
At the same distance, unobtrusively.

One night, it was the eve of our last day
Upon the road, I opened to the air
Our window, for the night was warm and sultry.
Below were our protectors, keeping watch—
The soldiers and the youth. And to beguile
The hours, the soldiers asked of him a song.

1.

In festive hall, in lady's bower,
In deeds of chivalrous devoir,
In love or war,
Who so graceful and so gay,
Who so valiant in the fray,
As Baltazar?

2.

But now no more where bright eyes glance,
And now no more where proud steeds prance,
Shall he be known:
He doffs the corslet, dons the cowl,
That he may purify his soul,
A hermit lone!

3.

See on yon peak, 'twixt earth and sky,
Afar from human sympathy
And human guilt,
His hermitage so wild and rude,
That for the eagle and her brood
It seemeth built.

4.

Morn, noon, and eve he tells his beads,
Morn, noon, and eve his office reads,
Obediently.
He wakes the forest with his lays,
He fills the air with songs of praise,
Melodiously.

5.

The rocks with sacred orisons,
The woods with holy benisons,
Resound afar:
What anchorite, what solitaire,
Breathes there of such devotion rare,
As Baltazar?

6.

There is a moss-grown path—refrain—
There is a leafy bower—restrain
Thy wandering feet.

Beware that haunt; the Syren there,
Who flatters man, but mocks at prayer,
Spreadeth her net.

7.

Vain voice! He never feared man's arm;
Why should he fear this dulcet charm?
A thing of air!
He will defy her witching power;
He will destroy the Syren's bower;
He will not spare.

8.

Adown the mossy path, one morn,
He wends his way. At his return,
Eve's dew shines clear.
'Tis but an echo he hath heard
Responsively repeat each word,
His heart to cheer.

9.

Alas! alas! for Baltazar;
Alas! for all that promise fair;
For now he loves
To hear with what engagement sweet,
Two voices mingle when they meet,
Like song of doves.

10.

But where are now his vows—or where
The answer meet to holy prayer,
From One above?
Alas! he is fain to idolize
The Syren's voice when she replies,
With love for love.

11.

Warned by a dream, that in the path
He treads is sin, and death, and wrath,
He flies in haste
Up to his habitation rude,
Where silently his soul doth brood
Upon the past.

12.

He tries to pray; ah! vain oblation,
While echoes yet that soft vibration
Within his heart!
His soul is tranced by that strange spell—
"But one word more; one last farewell;
And then to part!"

13.

He seeks her bower. A lovely form
Lies dying there. Beware the charm—
Her lips—beware!

'Tis fated now—she steals his breath;
Her cold embrace hath sealed his death—
Ay! Baltazar.

14.

She lives, and lures to her retreat,
The worshipper of music sweet.
Avoid her lair,
Oh, sons of men! or she will take
Your breath, and life, ere you can make
One cry or prayer.

VI.

SEVILLE is queen of cities. Her Giralda,*
Peerless in beauty, vindicates her claim.
But upon such a lofty pinnacle
'Tis with the winds I ween that she discourseth;
So rather let Sevillian lips declare
In language worthy of the entrancing theme,
How bloom her gardens fair with fruit and flower;
How bloom her daughters in the golden noon,
Or crimson setting of her glorious sun.
I was a stranger there, and rather sought
The shade.

And for retirement from the world,
I should make choice of Seville.† 'Tis a city
Of narrow lanes. No vehicle intrudes
With noise of glittering wheels. The summer sun
Pours in no flood of heat, so serpentine
And winding are the labyrinthine streets
Of Seville. And how pretty is the patio!
Seen through the ornamented iron gate—
Seen by the passer-by, who thus enjoys
A pleasant glimpse of the Sevillian home—

* Appendix A. † Appendix D.

The little court—where grouped the family
Love best to sit beneath the open sky,
Around the fountain decked with choicest flowers.
Such was the street in which we made our home.
The following day, by Rosa's wish, we went
To tender to the Cardinal our thanks
For the safe-conduct, and to place ourselves
Under his Grace's guidance and protection.
The porter showed us to an ante-room,
And prayed us to be seated. Presently
A secretary came, to usher us
Into the presence of the aged prelate.
We knelt for the old man's blessing, and he spoke
Kindly to us, and welcomed us to Seville.
But when, on rising, Rosa would express
Our thanks for his safe-conduct, and the guard
Of soldiers, he seemed somewhat at a loss.
" There was a summons duly drawn," he said,
" To cite before me—"

From a deep recess,
Where he sat reading until now, with eyes
Bent resolutely down, a youth stepped forward.
" Pardon me, Monseñor; but 'twas the summons,
Backed by the guard that served for a safe-conduct."
" And who arranged all this machinery,
Anselmo? Ah! you need not answer me.

You have been reading novels, without doubt,
And hence this chapter of knight-errantry.
I pray you leave us." " Not before I thank him,"
Said Rosa, " for the courtesy he showed us.
Your Eminence will pardon me. This youth,
If it be he indeed who followed us,
Hath been most delicate. The guard he kept
Some hundred paces from us all the way.
He never once addressed us, or came near us,
Neither upon the road nor when we rested.
This maiden doth not even know the youth
By sight, nor doth the youth know Mariquita."

A smile, I could not help it, stole across
My lips. A smile, he could not help it, stole
Across his lips. He was the gallant youth
That rescued Mariquita in her barge,
The waterlily, setting sail for Seville.
Silently bowing his acknowledgments
To Rosa, he went out. The Cardinal
Expressed his satisfaction that his nephew
Had not intruded on us in our journey.

Then he inquired what dangers menaced us,
Since such extraordinary remedies
Had been resorted to. Rosa replied
By the relation of my history,

As far as it was known to her, since first
I came to Mangonegro with Dolores.
And then she told him of our poverty;
And how, when it was deepest, Esteban
Came as an angel to our door by night.
Here Rosa bade me take the clew from her,
Continuing my story to the end.
But when I tried to tell of Esteban,
And all he was to me, my faltering voice
Moved the compassion of the kind old man.
"I ask no more," he said, "for in good time
I shall have letters. My good friend, the Prior,
Sent me a message promising to write.
Is there a letter? Ha! most opportunely
It comes to tell us all we wish to know.
See that with every hospitality
The messenger be treated." Then he took
The letter from the secretary's hand;
And as he read it he was deeply moved,
And broken sentences escaped his lips.
"Carlos, friend of my heart! to be with thee—
To be at rest where Carlos is at rest—
And the accuser—ay, 'tis he—the Jew!"
Then he looked long and earnestly at me.
"Child, I would be a friend to you. 'Tis well
That you are here. I would say more, but now
Old memories of bygone days come thick,

And I am troubled. One thing would I know:
He was devout, the good old man, your friend,
He was true Christian, and true Catholic?
Rosa shall answer me. You never knew him
Malign the Church, or trample on the Cross
Of Christ?"

"Nay, 'tis from Mariquita's lips
Your Grace shall have the answer you require.
Child, you have many holy songs you learnt
From Esteban. I ask you to repeat but one:
For he that taught you thus was no reviler
Of Holy Church, or of the Cross of Christ.
Of life so pure and blameless, we should wonder
How he had enemies; but that we know
The Master whom he served had enemies."
I did as Rosa told me, and recited
A hymn I learnt from Esteban, the shepherd.

1.

Cruel the hands that planted thee, Oh, tree
On Calvary!
The Holy One and Just expires on thee
In agony.
Tree of the bruised soul and broken heart,
With tears bedewed,
With blood imbrued,

No beauteousness,
Nor comeliness,
Hast thou, that we
Should cling to thee,
Or with the dying victim choose our part.

2.

But ye who pierced with grief as with a sword,
Lament and shed
Tears o'er the bleeding feet of that dear Lord,
Lift up your head,
The hour of your redemption draweth nigh.
The curse is past—
Come here and taste
The bread and wine
Of love divine—
The tree of life is lifted up on high,
And he that looks thereon shall never die.

3.

For through that bitter agony and cry,
And through these tears,
And through the gloom and pall of that dark sky,
The smile of God appears,
Robing the Cross of Calvary with light;

Like the rod of Aaron —
Like the rose of Sharon—
It blossometh free,
And the leaves of the tree
Heal the nations that flow to that glorious sight.

I ceased—we waited—but the old man sat
And spoke not; he sat covering his face
With both his hands. The secretary whispered,
"'Tis so at times; he knows not you are here.
I pray you to withdraw."

VII.

My tranquil life with Rosa was not destined
To be of long continuance. Some weeks
Passed quietly, and then from Cordova
My father came, and brought with him his friend
The younger Muños. 'Twas a name I knew,
For old Gil Muños bought my father's wool,
And paid him, I believe, with worthless shares
In mines and speculations of that sort.
The son, Don Jorge, I had never seen.
My father told us he should introduce
Don Jorge as his friend, a worthy youth,
Who would inherit all his father's wealth,
And be the richest man in Cordova.
Therefore the following day we might expect
A visit. Rosa answered, quietly,
"That, living in seclusion, as we did,
We could receive no visitors." "Except,"
Replied my father, "such as I present."
Rosa said, firmly, "I am mistress here,
In my own house, which having hired I hold;
Don Jorge enters not without my leave,
And that, for reasons good, he cannot have."

My father asked her what those reasons were.
Rosa declined to give them. So he urged
That slanders were not always just nor true.
Rosa said, " Slanders never can be just
Nor true." My father ceased; he said no more,
But left us for the night.

By Rosa's wish
I went not out next day. She went alone;
My father, meeting her, accosted her,
And introduced Don Jorge as his friend,
Requesting to be favoured with commands
For Mangonegro; as about to leave
Seville next day. She thanked him, and they passed.
Still I remained at home, and went not out
Until we ascertained that of a truth
My father had set forth; and we might hope
To walk abroad, as hitherto, in peace,
And unmolested.

This was not to be.
The first occasion of our leaving home
Don Jorge followed us, and spoke to us—
To Rosa first—and then to me. And this,
Although we neither spoke nor noticed him,
He would repeat again, pursuing us
With unrequited salutations, bows,

And wishes of " Good evening," or " Good night."
But failing to extort acknowledgment
That he was either heard or seen at all,
He tried another way; he would arouse
My indignation.

Now, I tell the truth,
In all sincerity, the simple truth:
Anselmo every morning passed our door;
He passed it—for the street in which we lived
Led to the Canon's house and library,
Whither he went to prosecute his studies.
I knew he passed our door; I knew the hour.
But never, no not once, did he attempt
To gain my notice by a single glance,
Or look, or act. I think he knew our house,
Because, when passing, he invariably
Bent down his eyes intently on the book
He carried in his hand. And, if I sat
At the open casement, as he passed I bent
My eyes upon my work or on my flowers.
But whether thus discreet or indiscreet,
Doubtless, the same construction of our acts
Would have been put by this most pestilent
Disturber of my peace, who now imagined
A rival in Anselmo. So, one morning,
To my dismay ('twas near the hour at which

Anselmo passed as wont), who should I see
Approaching, but Don Jorge, with his eyes
Demurely fixed upon a folio huge
Preposterously spread before his face,
And thus he marched with measured tread and slow,
Caricaturing, I suppose, the gait
And manner of Anselmo. Now for once
The farce was well enough, for it was droll,
And had materials for merriment.
But when next morning he appeared again,
Parading as before, I was annoyed
And nettled, and resolved to put him down;
So with a careless air I looked at him,
Exclaiming, so that he might hear it, "Ah,
Some fanfarron* pretending he can read."
He never came again, and I suspect
The arrow that I shot was barbed too truly,
And rankled just because he could not read.
He came no more, but set what wit he had
To work, and schemed another plan of action
To ridicule Anselmo and annoy me.

I cannot count the days, but not a few
Had passed away, and I began to hope
Don Jorge had gone back to Cordova;
And so I walked more freely than before,

* Appendix A.

And sometimes, choosing a sequestered spot,
I sat upon the river's bank alone,
While Rosa walked on farther. It so chanced
That thus I sate one evening, near the walk
Of the Delicias, but screened from view,
And there I watched the river flowing on—
The same on which I set my fragile barque
So thoughtlessly that day, the same that glides
As ever it hath glided through the plain—
And there I seemed to see the lambs at play,
And hear the bleating of the peaceful flock,
All as I knew them once, unchanged, unscattered!
But we who tended them how scattered now—
Esteban gone, and Sara fled, and I,—
What is my life? Not without bitterness,
Not without bitter tears, did I repeat,
What is my life? what doth it profit me?
What doth it profit any one? Who cares
For Mariquita? But in my distress
There came the hope, I am not what I seem
To be. That selfish man who only comes
Prowling about me for his own vile ends;
That cold and selfish man is not my father;
There is not in my veins a single drop
Of blood that does not turn against the thought
Of having flowed from such a source as that.
I thought of Esteban, and of the smile

That played upon his lips, and of the smile
That I had seen upon my mother's lips.
Fancies came thick, and I sat weaving them
Into the tissue of a fond romance
That might explain the story of my life—
The mystery of my being. Suddenly,
As if to mock and dissipate my dream,
A loud laugh on the walk that I had left
Arrested me. I turned, and a strange scene
Met my astonished gaze. There stood Anselmo,
In great despair—and there, convulsed with laughter,
Don Jorge. And his dog, a large coarse mastiff,
Held fast between his teeth Anselmo's book,
Which he had torn from him with sudden bound
And seizure—being doubtless trained to it.
The efforts of Anselmo to regain
His book, elicited fresh peals of laughter,
And ah! the picaro*—what taste for reading—
What a voracious love of learned books—
Was all the satisfaction to be had
From dog or master; and 'twas difficult—
It seemed impossible to catch the thief.
At last he brought it to Don Jorge's feet,
Lay down, and growled, as challenging who dared
To take it; then, with paws and teeth applied,
He tore it open. On the open page

* Appendix A.

There lay the waterlily which Anselmo
Rescued for me, and which I gave to him.
Now, in a moment, with a sudden spring,
Anselmo seized the book; the dog held fast
With fierce, savage growl; and now Don Jorge
Hounded him on. The fight I saw was coming,
And flew, without a moment's hesitation,
To take my part. I seized Don Jorge's dog
Fast by the neck; he dropped the book, and bit me.
A crowd began to gather round the spot—
Don Jorge called his dog—there was a respite.
But now my fortitude gave way, and now
The colour left my cheek, the tears came thick,
And as I strove to hide them with my hand,
I showed unconsciously my bleeding fingers.
Then there arose a cry, and some said "Shame!"
And others cried, "She is torn, the dog must die,"
Then, with an effort, I recovered strength
To say, 'Señores, spare the dog, I pray you.
He has but done what he was taught to do,
And these bad manners, they are not his own.
I pray you spare him.'. Then there was a cry,
"It is Don Jorge's dog; and if Don Jorge
Has trained him to these tricks, we'll throw Don Jorge
Into the river." But I still besought them,
'I pray you spare Don Jorge too, my friends,
For the same reason that you spared his dog.

Don Jorge, like the dog, has but behaved
According to his training. He is not
A true Caballero.' Then they cried,
" Let both begone, and let them come no more
To the Delicias, or we will drown them
In the same pool." And many biting jests
They levelled at Don Jorge: but they praised
My courage in enthusiastic terms,
And would escort me home, but that I said,
' I see my friend at hand, and I am safe.'

Don Jorge came no more to the paseo,
But not the less he schemed to injure me.
For that had passed, and I had spoken words
That rankled in his unforgiving breast.
Little I recked; so that I might escape
From his attentions, I was satisfied
To bear the brunt of what malevolence
And hatred were engendered by my words;
For now my spirit rose. I was not now
The child that hitherto I seemed to be.
I felt that I could meet and brave a danger;
And deep—I knew it from that evening—deep
In one true heart I had a place.

VIII.

No stroke is struck in vain. The maddest hand
That wields a weapon for the wildest work
Of ruin and destruction, strikes no blow
But it shall weld a link, or clinch a rivet,
In the great chain that girds the universe.
Forge thou thy bolt—the issue is with God—
Not as thou willest, but as He decrees.

My father came again to visit us.
He came at night. He said he must obtain
A loan of fifty ounces. What had we?
Rosa replied we had enough to live
Simply and frugally, but nothing more.
She said, "You have the flock." He answered her,
"The flock is sold, and all at Torreveas
Is sold." I asked—it nearly broke my heart
To ask it—'And my horse, Campeador?'
He said, "Your horse, Campeador, is sold."
Then we sat silent for a time. At length
He rose to go. But ere he went we said,
"It is but little that we have; accept,
We pray you, for your need, that which we have."
He took it and went out.

Early next day,
A message from the Cardinal was brought:
Rosa must wait on him without delay.
She went, and presently my father came
To tell me that he had been cited also
To the same conference; that it transpired
That I had taken an unseemly part
In a disgraceful fray. The Cardinal
Was much offended, and it was resolved
That I must from this time submit myself
To those who have the legal right to guide
And regulate my actions. He had come,
He said, to take the charge of me henceforth;
And Rosa had set out for Mangonegro,
Feeling acutely the disgrace and shame
Of having forfeited the good opinion
Of the old man, who seemed to be our friend.

I answered not a word—all seemed a dream,
A troubled dream. My father dined with me,
And sat where Rosa used to sit. But still
I shed no tear. After a silent meal,
He told me to put on my best apparel,
And come with him. "You shall be seen to-day,"
He said, as we went forth and joined a throng—
A multitude of people hastening forward.
"T'is the great bull feast of the year, and here

Are barandillas* for the feast." I asked,
'If we are now so poor that all is sold,
Whence have we barandillas for this feast?'
He said, "A friend has sent them: ask no more;
But come with me to occupy your place."

Ha! what a sight! Ten thousand citizens,
All frantic with excitement and delight,
Massed in the spacious amphitheatre.
A bull had just rushed into the arena,
The foremost picador* awaits the assault
With lowered lance. He fails to turn the bull,
And man and horse lie tumbled in the sand.
The horse is dead; the picador, well sheathed
In iron greaves, escapes with heavy gait.
The bull attacks the second picador,
And then the third; alike the fate of all.
Three horses lie all weltering in gore;
Their riders go in search of other steeds.
The voices of the multitude are hoarse,
Applauding the brave bull which cleared the ring,
And shouting, "Where are now your picadors?"
They come again, fresh mounted for the encounter.
Again each horse lies low—the ring is cleared.
But not with equal fortune to the men
Unhorsed this time, for one is carried out

* Appendix A.

Insensible: his horse pierced to the heart
Reared high, and falling back has crushed the rider.
The multitude applaud no less the bull—
An Andaluz—the strongest and the surest
That ever cleared the plaza—one that needs
A cool and wary hand to take his life—
So true his thrust; no banderillero*
Offers to face him. But the matador,
The oldest and most skilful, asks and has
Permission to encounter him. The chulos,*
With scarfs of every hue around him play,
And warily they go, and warily
The matador* avoids him, while the youths
In dizzying circles lead the flaunted bull
Again another and another maze,
Till at a vantage he can offer low
The crimson flag—swiftly the rush is made—
The fatal sword implanted drinks his life,
And thunders of applause re-echo round.

And now as harnessed oxen drag away
The trophies of the fight, there is a buzz
Of expectation—for report gains ground
That, mounted on a pure Arabian
There will appear among the picadors
A brave aficionado*. Formerly

* Appendix A.

The nobles of the land, Spain's chivalry,
Superbly mounted on their finest steeds,
Would thus take part in bull feasts, lance in hand,
Relying on their skill and horsemanship,
And on the quickness of the pure-bred horse,
To turn and fend the charges of the bull;
But 'twas a pastime totally disused
In later times. Now many stories ran
Their circle through the crowd, and it was said
That he who sold the Arabian for this fight
Was prompted by some base malevolence
Thus to devote the horse to certain death.
But he who claimed to ride him in the arena
Had given largely for the privilege,
And if he saved the horse in fair encounter,
His right was to redeem him as his own.
However it might be, much interest
And much excitement stirred the multitude,
And when the mounted picadors appeared,
A shout of approbation hailed their entrance.

They came—one of their company a youth,
Truly a gallant youth of gallant bearing,
Reining with easy grace a beauteous steed.
I know him at a glance—among a thousand
I'd know him; and he rides Campeador.
Breathless and faint, I turned to ask my father

What it might mean. My father, where is he?
Hath he forsaken me? Am I alone?
Alas! not all alone, mine enemy
Stands peering at me with malicious eyes:
And I can see the plot—ay, through and through—
Before he speaks. But with an agony
Of effort I composed my quivering lips,
And looked him in the face with proud defiance.
"He came not to disturb," he said it, sneering,
"My full enjoyment of this noble sport;
But hearing, Señorita, that the barb
In the arena was your favourite,
I came to tell you that should you desire
To save the horse, 'tis in your power to save him.
I have redeemed him. Throw your handkerchief,
The signal will be understood, the barb
Will be withdrawn, and placed at my disposal.
Nor need I say that at your feet I place
The ransomed steed and all that I possess."
Cruel are the tender mercies of the wicked,
And cruelly I felt the base affront.
Ay! he will save the barb and win the mistress—
That is his plan; and straight I answered him:
'Señor Don Jorge, look you well to it!
Woo not a maiden that can never love you;
Buy not a horse that you can never ride;
Lay nothing at the feet which will but spurn

The gift. I see a horseman on the barb;
Him will I trust, with good right arm and lance,
To foil the bull, and save my favourite.
No signal will I make. Campeador
Shall never be, not even for an hour,
Yours to present to me. I pray you leave me.'
"I leave you, Señorita; nor dispute
Your preference. Your courage I admire.
When men and horses roll in blood and dust,
Calm and serene you view the spectacle.
I leave you to enjoy it, Señorita."
Impatiently, disdainfully, my hand
I waved to him to leave me. He went out,
And then I turned to gaze upon the scene.

Nerve failed me now; my trembling limbs refused
To bear me up; and, in my paroxysm
And agony, I seized the balustrade
With desperate grasp. The fiesta ran its course.
The next bull, and the next, killed every horse
Save one. Campeador was still unhurt—
Anselmo bore him harmless through the fight.
The people praised his courage and address,
His skilful horsemanship and strength of arm,
Each time he turned the bull. The fourth, a coward,
A recreant would not charge the picadors.
Rockets were called for by the angry mob;

These, planted in the reeking side, explode,
And tear the flesh. Then dogs are slipped at him,
To tear him more. Lastly, with semiluna,*
His punishment and torture is completed.
With tendons cut, he crawls about the ring,
Till, with the bloody spectacle sufficed,
The crowd demands his death. No matador
Does the last honours to the base poltroon;
A butcher's hand drives home a common knife.
The spine is severed, and he dies amid
The execrations of the multitude.

Once more a gallant bull, Manchegan this,
Is in the arena—pauses but a moment—
Then charges home. The nearest horse lies prostrate;
The second picador soon shares his fate—
Low in the dust they lie. Campeador
Receives the third assault. The charge is parried.
With swift and sudden wheel, the bull again
Comes hurtling on. It is a dangerous bull,
And doubly dangerous now—Anselmo's lance
Is broken at the blade. There is a hush
Of expectation as the charge is given.
No remedy—no chance to turn him now.
Anselmo sees his danger. As the rush

* Appendix A.

Is made, he gathers well in hand the reins,
Faces the bull, deep in his horse's flanks
Plunges the long steel spurs, and high in air
Bounds the well-managed steed, and clears the bull.
Foiled, sullen, foaming at the mouth, he stands;
Nor will he charge again; he paws the ground;
Campeador is saved. A thousand plaudits
Ring through the air; a thousand scarfs are waved;
And bending low, and smiling as he strokes
Campeador's proud neck caressingly,
Anselmo leaves the plaza. Soon the fight
Is finished, and the thousands are dispersed.
I knew it not, for now I was unconscious
Alike of danger and of victory.
A pall seemed to descend, and wrap the scene.
While others left, I sat alone with eyes
Open, but seeing not, as in a trance.
Anselmo had observed me; he dismounted,
Was quickly by my side, and spoke to me.
I answered not. A young and pretty woman,
One of the few still near, observed us both;
And with a woman's gentle instinct came
To offer her kind aid, and soothingly
She chafed my temples and unclasped my hands,
And led me forth and made me lean on her;
And asked Anselmo if he knew the house
In which I lived, that she might take me home.

He was about to tell her, when a hand
Was laid upon his arm. 'Twas Gaspar's hand—
I knew it not. I was unconscious then
Of all that passed. I knew it afterwards—
Anselmo told me all. 'Twas Gaspar's hand.
He whispered, "Go not there; her friends are fled.
Young Muños has possession, for a debt
Due by her father. She will find herself
Dependant there on Muños for her bread.
He schemed and worked the ruin of her father,
Doubtless with one intent." A crimson flush
Mantled Anselmo's brow. The lady saw it,
And said, "She shall come home with me, poor child."

She was a banker's wife, and they were rich,
And had a country house at Alcala.
Thither did Doña Leonor convey me
That day, in her own carriage drawn by mules,
Anselmo riding by my side. And thus
I found a home that night, when I had none,
And might have perished in my misery,
An outcast.

IX.

They seem all sunshine still, those happy days
With Leonor. Her nature was not deep,
Nor was our love such as would feed on tears,
And nourishment in sorrow seek to find.
I loved her as I love the sparkling rill
That gladdens all the garden with its voice,
Reviving every drooping leaf and flower.
She had a taste for music, and I sang.
She could accompany the voice with skill,
So we had music always every night.
One night Anselmo came (for Alcala
Was distant only two short leagues from Seville).
He had a full melodious voice, and sang
With me; and after that it seemed to us
That it was nothing if Anselmo came not.
These were the golden hours of my existence.
I knew it now, nor needed to be told,
Deep in one faithful heart there was a shrine,
Lit up for me with an undying light.

Leonor's husband sent, one afternoon,
To say he would be glad to wait on me.

Don Pedro had received remittances
For me, and had a letter to deliver.
I opened it—'twas signed Mateo Vargas,
Dated from Orihuela—and enclosed
An order on Don Pedro's bank in Seville,
Being, he said, my share of the returns
Of the estate for half a year. No clue
Was given to unravel the enigma.
I knew of no estate. Mateo Vargas
Was a name utterly unknown to me.
Don Pedro, seeing my perplexity,
Wished to withdraw. Recovering, I told him
That I relied on him to be my friend,
And handed him the letter, telling him
It was an utter mystery to me.
He laughed, and said, "A pleasant mystery,
Which you will suffer me to solve in gold,
As alchemist." While counting out the sum,
He said, "You have good friends, and it is well;
For you have also treacherous enemies."
I answered that I had an enemy,
But I despised him. Thoughtfully
He said that not the meanest enemy
Could safely be despised. The vilest tongue
Could do a world of mischief. And, he added,
"Our friend Anselmo's visits to this house
Have all been closely watched and chronicled.

You will do well to tell him to avoid
Alcala de Guadaira, lest he lose
His uncle's favour." Then he dropped his voice,
Whispering, "And you, too, you are closely watched;
Don Jorge and a Priest are watching you.
There is a league between them for no good.
The Priest is now in Alcala: his name
I do not know, but he was heard to boast
That he could tell you more about your birth
And history than you have ever known."

I thanked Don Pedro for his courtesy
And friendly counsel, saying, 'You are right.
Anselmo must do nothing that may grieve
The good Archbishop; and he must not come
To see me here.' No more escaped my lips;
But much it weighed upon my mind, and much
I wondered if the Priest who watched me thus
Were he whom I had seen upon the plain,
Hunfredo of the Hermitage. It weighed
Upon my mind till I could scarcely bear
The impression wrought on my excited brain,
Of that dark eye of deep malevolence
Set to observe and watch me. And I framed
My plan accordingly, and held to it.
For when I said good night to Leonor,
Although I did not say the word farewell,

I told her that my path was compassed round
With snares, from which I had to extricate
My feet as best I could; and I besought her
Not to think ill of me—not to believe
That ever I could cease to feel her kindness
Warmly and gratefully. And so we parted
And went to rest.

At midnight I arose,
And left the shelter of the kindly roof
With noiseless step. The night was bright and clear,
And the cool air revived my drooping spirits
And braced my nerves to an unusual measure
Of cheerfulnes and strength. The silent stars
O'ercanopied my head; the silent dew
Refreshed my feet. My purpose was sincere.
Anselmo should not be reproached for me—
Don Jorge, he in vain should search for me—
Hunfredo, he in vain lay wait for me.
My purpose was to foil every attempt
To follow me. Among the Zincali
If I could find a guide that night in Seville,
I would set out forthwith and travel on,
Until I found out Sara and her friends,
Wherever camped. If they could shelter her
They well might shelter me.

So cheerfully
And hopefully I traversed the lone road
To Seville, passing round without the gates,
Under the shadow of its ancient walls,
On to the suburb of Los Humeros,
The favourite quarter of the Zincali.
I passed along a narrow street, and paused
At this house and at that. Here they all slept;
There they talked loud, and vented fearful oaths,
So that I shrank from them. And I went on
Till from a humble hut I heard a cry—
An infant's cry; and then a soothing voice
Hushing it in the language of the gipsies,—
A mother's voice. I knocked. A woman's hand
Lifted the latch. I entered in. A light
Was quickly struck. A sharp, keen scrutiny
Succeeded; and she clapped her hands, and cried,
"It is the mistress of the Selim colt,
Bought from our people. What chance brings her here?"
I said, 'I need a guide, one of your people;
And mules for travelling. I will pay her well.'
She said, "It shall be done for money's worth.
Hold you my babe, and I will find a guide,
And mules that know to travel." She went out,
Giving her child to me. When she returned,
She nodded, saying, "You may cross my hand

With what you will. A guide and mules are found."
I gave her silver for her services;
And in an hour my guide approached the door,
Seated upon a mule. She led in hand
A mule for me, and signed to me to mount
And follow her, but did not even ask
Whither I meant to travel. For some paces
I let her have her way, and then I said,
'Good friend, it may be well that you should know
Whither you have to guide me.' But no heed
She took of what I said, nor checked her pace,
But rather urged her mule ahead of me,
As if she cared not what I said to her,
Or heard it not. But presently we came
To the Triana Bridge, and, crossing it,
She led the very way I wished to go,
Up the right bank of the Guadalquivir.
Knowing the Zincali—how they pretend
To read the stars and foreshow destinies—
I judged it best to humour my companion,
And to assume she knew instinctively
My purpose; as, indeed, she seemed to know.
As yet 'twas dark: but when towards dawn faint lines
Of light began to streak the eastern sky,
I saw, and shuddered when I saw, her face.
It was Froila. Faces have I seen
Distorted while unholy passions gained

The mastery—but never did I see
Such fixed expression of ferocity—
Such indurated hatred, chiselled, graved,
In human face. She saw I scanned her features,
And muttered, "Ay; ugly, and thin, and old;
Ugly, and thin, and old; but better so
Than be a lure and snare to wandering eyes."
We travelled on in silence seldom broken;
For if I spoke to her, she only nodded;
But if I looked at her, she growled out words
I did not like to hear. Only one thing
Tended to reconcile me. It was clear
She seemed to have divined instinctively
My motive in selecting for my guide
One of the Zincali. Instinctively
She took the very way I should have chosen
For baffling and defeating all pursuit.
But 'twas a drear look out to have to travel
Day after day with such a sullen guide.

On the fifth day, as we were plodding on,
I heard behind me the sharp ringing sound
Of horse's feet at speed—mad speed it seemed.
'Twas Gaspar, on his pony. On he came
At furious pace, as though he saw us not;
And as he passed us, whether by design
Or accident I know not, with his toe

He caught the old gitana by the heel,
And nearly threw her from her mule. A shriek,
And then a frightful curse saluted him.
The lad pulled up, with serio-comic air,
To ask her why she blessed him, and what saints
She had invoked; then, waiting not her answer,
Galloped ahead. We saw him not again
That day, nor yet the next. It was the seventh—
A long day's journey, and a late—we came
At sunset to a solitary venta;
There was the boy, too busily engaged,
Chopping tobacco with his pocket-knife,
To notice us. And now, occurred the thought,
The boy may have some message, and he seeks
An opportunity to speak to me.
My guide, too—she, I saw, had her own thoughts.
She stripped the mules of all their furniture,
Hiring a private room to put it in.
She would have locked the stable-door that night,
But that the boy challenged her right to hold
The key, his pony being stabled there.
Not once did she lie down that night to sleep,
But wandered to and fro, from house to stable,
Watching her mules.

It was the early dawn,
When waking, such a clamour reached my ears

As never was. Pony and mules were loose,
And fighting; and Froila, and the boy,
And the ventero, scolded and accused
Each other. Kicks, and frantic screams and oaths,
Were blended in one furious rush of sound.
Then cried the boy, "Say all you have to say,
And, when 'tis said, I'll whistle, and my Jaca
Will come to me." So when there was a lull,
He whistled, and the pony trotted forth
Gaily enough. But one of our poor mules
Had suffered serious damage in the fight;
Hopelessly lamed, it offered not a chance
Of further use for many a day to come.
Froila, after many stormy words,
Claimed the boy's pony. Gaspar only laughed.
Then the ventero said, that he, as judge—
(Since in his pueblo, that is, in his venta,
There was no higher officer than he)
He would decide this cause, but needed time
To weigh it with punctilious precision.
So he sat down and smoked. The day wore on,
And still he smoked, Gaspar supplying him,
And smoking with him. Late that afternoon,
He said he would decide our cause for us.
He had a colt, that we should buy of him;
And if we could not wait to have him caught,
Or if we could not ride him, then the boy

Must let us have the pony for our journey,
And ride the colt. Four ounces was his price.
Froila fetched the saddles, and desired
That I should pay the price. Without a word,
Gaspar led out the pony, and she placed
Her saddle on his back, and then prepared
To mount. The pony reared, and struck at her
With his forefeet. At every fresh attempt,
She risked a broken arm. Gaspar looked grave,
And said it would not do; he never knew
The pony play such pranks. The Señorita,
Perhaps, would ride the pony; and he whispered,
"The Jaca knows you, and will carry you
Without a fault." And so it proved. The boy
Had trained it to be quiet when he pleased,
As well as to play antics when he pleased.
I mounted it with ease, and we set out—
Froila riding on the mule, and I
Upon the tricky pony.

We had travelled
About an hour, the sun was going down,
When suddenly Froila caught my rein:
And then I heard the clattering of hoofs
Behind us. And the boy upon a colt,
Wild as himself, and ragged as himself,
Came dashing by. With a determined grasp

She held the rein; but when the boy turned round,
Whistling the well known call, one frantic bound
Released the pony, and away it sped
After the colt. No arm could hold it now;
Nor steep acclivity, nor deep descent,
Nor shelving bed of torrent, strewn with rock,
Restrained our mad career, till many a league
Froila and her mule were left behind.
When we drew bridle, Gaspar offered me
My choice, to wait for her or go with him.
"For me," he said, "I do not wish to see
Her evil look again, nor hear her tongue;
But you shall choose. Engage me if you will,
And I will guide you to Despeñaperros;
There you will give me back my only treasure—
My little Jaca—for it shares my bread,
And follows me and answers to my call;
And oftentimes I share its bed of rushes.
There you can let Froila sell the colt,
And reimburse herself for that old mule.
But I will tell you how it came to pass
Her mule was lamed. We saw it all. She stole
Into the stables, like a thief in the night,
Hammer in hand, doubtless to drive a nail
Into my Jaca's foot, and stop my journey.
The Jaca suffers none to handle it
Except its master. So it struggled hard

And broke the collar, and in lashing out
It chanced to kick the mule. Now, in good truth,
I'd rather trust the robbers of the Sierra,
Than one so cruel and so treacherous.
Leave her to exercise her evil eye
Upon the planets, and her evil tongue
Upon the sharp night air."

X.

I ASKED the boy how far we had to ride.
He answered seven hours, it might be eight;
And he had friends who knew the Zincali,
And would direct us to their camping ground
In the Sierra. So we travelled on
Till, near a mountain gorge, my youthful guide
Proposed to feed our horses at a hut
Tenanted by a woman that he knew.
We halted for an hour. The air was keen,
The woman lit a charcoal fire for us.
There was another traveller in the room;
Wrapped in his cloak, he sat apart from us,
And seemed to be asleep, for when we entered
He rose not to present a chair to me,
Nor spoke at all; and when we took our leave
He never moved. I prayed he might not be
Some robber chief, waylaying simple folk.

The night was dark; our way was difficult,
Through narrow passes overhung by cliffs,
That left us but a narrow strip of sky.
Nor, in that scene so new and strange to me,

Accustomed from my childhood to the plains,
Could I divest my mind of fear. My dread
Increased when now I heard, or seemed to hear,
The tramp of horses' feet. But Gaspar said
'Twas but an echo, or some traveller
Belated, who was glad to follow us
For his own safety.

Now, where two ways met,
My boy-guide seemed uncertain which to take.
A horseman overtook us on the road,
And Gaspar hailed him as he came: "Señor,
You know the passes; we will follow you."
It was the same Cavalier I had seen
An hour before, who sat apart from us
In the lone hut. As he came up he bowed,
And led the way. We followed silently,
And I looked hard at him, but such the gloom
And depth of shadow in the wooded glen
Through which we tracked our way, that not a trait
Nor outline of a feature could I mark.
I whispered then to Gaspar my alarm.
Gaspar said, "Fear not; I will speak to him."
He spoke, and the low answer reached my ear—
The music of the answer vibrated
Through every pulse. It was Anselmo's voice;
And the rebound from vehement alarm

To sudden joy—the joy I felt to hear
Anselmo's voice in that lone wilderness—
O'ermastered every sense but that of joy.
I wept for joy. He pressed my hand in his,
And I resigned my hand to him to press.
And then he told me how it came to pass
That thus we met. The Cardinal had heard
The story of the rescue at the bull-fight;
And of a Señorita—beautiful,
But dangerous withal, at Alcala;
And of the evenings at Don Pedro's house—
Pleasant no doubt, but not, so it was said,
Tending to form the mind for cloister life.
" So, Mariquita, my superiors
In conclave met, and it was duly voted
That in all branches I had made such progress
In study, that to give my talents scope
I must have access to new libraries,
And quitting Seville, travel to Madrid."
Then, lowering his voice, Anselmo said—
That never, never, if he had a hope
Of being loved by me, would he consent
To any other vows than love's true vows—
" So tell me, Mariquita, if you love me."
It hurt me to be asked whether I loved him,
And so I answered, that it seemed to me
He halted between two alternatives,

And that in such a case I thought it best
He should be guided by the sound advice
Of older heads than mine. So then he said
He hesitated not—all he resigned—
The hope of wealth, preferment, dignity,
The favour of his aged relative,
And so forth. Then I drily signified
That there was too much in the worldly scale
For a poor girl, all friendless and forlorn,
To cope with; and I certainly advised
The cassock and the cowl. He bade me say
Whether I spoke in earnest; and I said
I spoke in earnest; and he pondered long—
Then asked me if I wished that we should part
Thus, and for ever. And I said, 'Anselmo,
You have two paths before you; is it meet
That I should turn you from the way which leads
To honours and to wealth? Is this my love?
Leave then the homeless, friendless wanderer
To bear alone the summer's scorching heat
And winter's wind with those who, born to bear
Adversity, know how to brace the mind
And steel the face to meet their miseries.'
To which Anselmo passionately answered—
"You little know me: wealth and dignity
I covet not—I aim not to possess;
I loathe the bloated ease and pomp of riches.

Place in this scale a sword, in that a mitre;
The palace and its luxuries foregoing,
I'd share the soldier's fare, and march with him
To share the dangers of the battle-field,
And win myself a name." I answered him,
'Anselmo, these are dreams—dreams of the night—
That with the morning dew will pass away.
Doubtless, for you the camp would have a charm
More than the cloister; and wherever courage
And enterprise invited, you would march
And win the laurel on the hard-fought field.
Wherefore, then, have you led a student's life?
You are not your own master.' But Anselmo
Replied with haste that he was no man's slave.
To satisfy the wishes of his friends
And guardians he had led a cloister life,
And studied as his tutors had prescribed,
Obediently; but now in twelve short months
He would be free and master of his actions,
And nothing now could move him to consent
To bind himself by sacerdotal vows.
I said, 'Anselmo, that is not the question
Which now concerns us: settle with your tutors
And guardians and your spiritual guides
All that concerns your future destination,
Whether to follow on or to abandon
Your training for the priesthood: but what now—

What now I have to ask myself is this—
How shall I act in this emergency?
You have high prospects; shall I drag you down
To be partaker of my penury?
Would not my lot be doubly hard to bear
If I should make you partner of my lot?
Does not true love forbid the sacrifice?'
Anselmo pleaded, on the other hand,
That now no joy could be to him a joy,
That now no bliss could be to us as bliss,
Unshared; and that he sought no other lot
Than to divide with me and share with me,
And help me to sustain whatever care,
Whatever penury, whatever trials,
Heaven might send. Thus we discoursed that night;
But when the first faint light of morning dawned,
I looked around with awe; and yet my fears
Were mingled with a wildering delight.
How dreadful is the chaos; rocks, upheaved
By force that to its centre shook the earth,
Lay strewn in wild disorder, mass on mass,
And pile on pile; and towering overhead,
High cliffs in awful majesty, seen dimly
Through the pale grey of morning, pierce the clouds.
Too well we know that the same Voice divine
That spoke in bygone ages and commanded
Volcanic fires to penetrate the caverns

Of Earth, and hurl aloft these rocky fragments
Upon the plain, can speak again, commanding
The cliffs to bow, the hills to melt away,
The mountains, shaken by that word, to fall—
To fall upon us. 'Tis a dreadful scene;
And yet how beautiful it grows. The sun
The upper canopy of heaven empurples
With gorgeous light, and golden rays are marshalled
Behind the horizon, all in rank and order,
All swifter than the swiftest eye can follow.
Not one shall fail; they come, so now with me
Survey the scene. The panoply of rocks
Is pierced. See now the horrid precipice
Melt into beauty, softened by the touch
Of time, and by the sweet caressing air,
And by the nightly dew. And now admire
Wild creeping plants their tendrils rivetting,
And all their graceful tresses gently waving,
As to the rock they cling. And tiny flowers
Nestle in every crevice, and the cliff
Their shelter is, and covert from the wind
And tempest. Still I gaze. The morning mists
That hung upon the slopes of the Sierra
Break into wreaths, that float and fade away.
A fuller flood of light reveals new forms;
And these, again, change with the changing lights
And waning shadows; rocks and groves appear

Instinct with life and motion, and I see
Familiar objects pass before my eyes—
Castles and towers, cathedral domes and spires,
Gardens and terraces—they pass away,
And other forms arise. One would I note,
Because it hath its legend.

Mark that pile
So delicately chiselled by the hand
Of Nature. 'Tis an organ: the tall cliff
That erst presided there is overthrown.
The mountain peasantry know well the story.
They know that nightly, when the moon arose,
These cold grey stones were changed. The fluted pile
Regained its silver keys and golden pipes,
And then the cliff would nod and smile, and part
The yellow hair that o'er the features hung,
And from the folds of a dark mantle touch
The silver notes, and with a tenderness
Unknown to human hand, awake such sounds
As never mortal ear had heard on earth:
Such was the power of those sweet harmonies
They breathed on all around a calm so holy,
Even the wilful winds that love to rave,
Could not but hush their voices, and attune them
To be the bearers of such heavenly strains
Throughout the land, soothing the human heart

Even in sleep: for 'twas a melody
That best expressed itself in holy dreams
And visions. And it was a blessed time,
And a delightsome land, when every spirit
Drank of that melody. All men were brothers.
Their hearts were one. But in an evil hour,
In honour of the organ and the player,
A revel and libation were decreed—
A tun of wine in honour of the organ,
A tun of wine in honour of the cliff.
That night—a night of darkness and of horror—
A frightful storm swept through the pass; the hand
That erst so gently touched the silver notes
Struck madly now, evoking angry peals,
Echoed and answered from the lowering sky.
Swift sped the bolt that laid the tall cliff low,
And strewed the mountain side with wild confusion.
The organ, turned to stone, responds no more,
Save to the wailing of the bleak night wind,
Or to the angry voices of the tempest.
Men's hearts were turned to stone that dreadful night;
A brother's blood by brother's hand was spilt,
And passions were unloosed, never again
To be composed by sweetest melody,
Inbreathing holy calm; the wild winds now
Howl as they list; and on the plain beneath
That night there fell a curse: the fount of waters

Was dried—the stream of waters ceased to flow.
So scarce it is that still a cup of water
Is of more value than a cup of wine
To the Manchegans of these arid vegas.
Such is the legend of Despeñaperros.

We followed through the pass our winding way,
Till at a sudden turn Anselmo said,
" See yonder; one of those you seek is there."

XI.

The youth seen by Anselmo in the pass
Sat by the wayside peeling willow wands;
But when he saw us coming down the hill
He rose, and darted quickly out of sight
Into the thicket. And as quickly Ines
Came forth to meet us. Gaspar followed her,
To my surprise—so confident was I
That he was riding slowly after us.
But by some shorter track 'twas evident
That he had passed us in the night. We met,
And Ines prayed Anselmo to ride on,
Taking the youth for guide. Me she implored
To come with her on foot, relinquishing
The pony to the little Cordovan.
She said that there was danger: what it was
She told us not; but all might yet be well
If only we would aid her to avert it.
Anselmo vowed he would lay down his life
For me. But Ines quietly replied,
"That you may do, and bring her to worse harm."
I then entreated him to be advised
By Ines. And we parted.

By a path
Well nigh impervious, Ines turned aside,
And led me through a dark and tangled brake,
By devious ways, and by the giddy verge
Of many a crag, until we gained the height,
And rested on a platform of green sward.
There we sat down, and then she bid me say
Why came I hither? why left I my guide?
And what had I to ask of her? Straightway
I told her all my story, and my hope
To meet with Sara at Despeñaperros.
Sara, said Ines, is beyond the seas,
In a far country. Earnestly I answered,
Were it a thousand leagues I must attempt
The journey. 'Tis my only hope on earth;
Homeless am I and friendless. Ines bent
Her eyes upon the ground. With tremulous voice
I asked her would she help me? She replied,
"I would do much for Sara; for her sake
I would do much for you; but it is hard
To see a way. Why came you hither thus?
Why make an enemy among our people?
'Tis hard to serve you now; all that I can
That will I do, but the first step must be
To see Froila, and appease her wrath,
Or e'er she spread an ill report of you
Among our people."

Presently appeared
A boy and mule upon a mountain path,
And Ines bade me mount and follow her.
So many a weary mile we travelled back
Through the ravines to meet the fierce old woman.
Afar I could descry her, urging on
Her jaded mule. With courteous gentleness
Ines besought her to resume her place
As guide. Froila answered scornfully,
Flashing out fury from her bloodshot eyes,
That I might travel where it suited me,
So that I travelled not with her again:
And she said bitterly, that neither maid
Nor woman in the camp would speak to me,
So light was I in conduct.* Bitter tears
I shed, that such a wretch should say such things
Of me, and still more bitterly I felt
That Ines did not take my part with warmth.
Had I done anything unwomanly,
Or any shameful act, I needs must bear
My punishment. But now what had I done?
Was it my fault Froila's mule was lamed?
Was it my fault the pony ran away?
Was it my fault Anselmo overtook me?
What had I done? I thought of Esteban,
Who sweetly counselled me, and never blamed.
I said, 'I ask not why I am reproached;

* Appendix E.

I ask not why the women of your tribe
Would cast me out. I came not here to seek
Their hospitality; I came to ask
Only one question. Esteban is dead,
Who was my friend; no friend on earth have I
But Sara; so I bid you in God's name
Tell me where Sara is, that I may go
To her. I ask no more. But where is Sara?'
Froila mocked at me: "Why should you wish
To go to Sara, seeing she would spurn
And drive you from her?" Ines interposed:
"Nay, sister, say not so; you do not know
The customs of her people. Good or bad,
Their manners differ widely from our manners.
This maiden was not nurtured in our tents;
She knows not what she did in leaving you."
Then Ines turned to me: "'Tis difficult
To see a way; you made it difficult
To help you when you left my sister thus."
'Then leave me, leave me here,' I cried, 'to die!
I have not now a friend; why should I live?'
Froila said, "'Tis best to leave her here."
But Ines clave to me: "Nay, sister, nay;
Ev'n the stray lamb or kid may claim our care;
I cannot let her perish here alone
For want of human aid. Not far from hence
Arroya lies, and thither we will go.

And you, Froila, come you there with us,
And rest your mule awhile; he totters now
As though he'd fall ere long; so turn with us
And rest you at Arroya." But Froila
Replied by curses upon us, and blows
On the poor jaded mule. And so we parted.
The sequel we learnt afterwards. Sore pressed,
The mule gave way ere long, stumbled, and fell.
Then the fierce blasphemy she fain would vent
Withered upon her lips, and never more
Spake she. A shepherd found her paralysed
And dying. From Despeñaperros came
The Zincali, and buried her that night.

But Ines turned with me, and as we went
She bade me take good heart, for she had friends
Who would receive us kindly in their house.
We soon approached a cluster of small cabins.
But at the outskirts of the little pueblo,
Leaving the road, we took a narrow way
Through gardens, to a house that stood apart.
Here a most hearty welcome greeted us.
It was the house of a rich labrador,*
Whose wife, a very beautiful young woman,
With bright blue eyes, received us joyfully,
And set before us wheaten bread and wine,

* Appendix A.

With chocolate and comfits, pressing us
To eat. Ines told her I needed rest;
And the kind mistress of the house replied
That all she had was mine, and her own bed
She offered me to rest in till restored
With sleep. And while the couch was being laid,
Ines told me her story thus: "You see,
By her blue eyes,* that Marta is of kin
To none of us; she's of a northern tribe
Settled in the Sierra, to replace
The banished races and the ravages
Of wars that had dispeopled all these lands.
Now Marta was the very prettiest girl
In all the Sierra. In her sixteenth year
Her parents died, father and mother both
In that same year. She was their only child.
Her father's cousin then as guardian came,
And took her to Madrid; against her will
She placed her in a convent. The pretence
Was education, but the real intent
Was to immure her there till she professed
And took the veil. But Marta liked it not;
Freedom is sweet to all the blue-eyed race,
And the young maidens of this mountain district
Prefer to share their gold and their estates
With husbands rather than religious houses.

* Appendix F.

We aided her escape from those grim walls;
We aided her concealment in the Sierra,
In humble guise. But she was beautiful,
And the young labrador that courted her,
Married her for her beauty, not for gain.
Her guardian now is dead, and she enjoys
Not only all her own inheritance,
But all her guardian had; so they are rich,
And Marta's kindness to us never fails.
So now be sure you have a friend in her.
But, in good sooth I say so, it appears,
As far as I can see, your destiny
Hangs much on the same thread—the veil
Or else a husband. But no more of that;
Sleep now and rest yourself. I must away
On matters of importance, but ere night
I will return again."

I laid me down
And slept till dark, when Ines came to me,
And bade me rise and go with her. I rose,
And followed her, and Marta went with us.
I asked them whither they were taking me?
They said to meet a friend. I thought of Sara;
'Twas a fond hope I hardly dared to breathe;
I said to Ines, 'If it be the friend
I hope for, all the grief I have endured

Is nothing to the joy awaiting me:
My cup will then be full to overflowing.'
She answered, with much warmth, " Full be your cup
Of joy and blessing—full to overflowing."
They said not who it was we were to meet,
But cheered me as we walked with pleasant talk;
And Marta told me stories of the Sierra,
Beguiling all the way, until we reached
The suburbs of a town. Down a long street
We passed. The massive portal of a church
Was now in sight, and here we turned aside
Along its buttressed wall. A low arched door
Was at the further end. Ines knocked thrice;
We were admitted instantly within,
But all was dark. Ines encouraged me,
Saying that none but kindest friends were here;
And Marta said her husband was to meet us
Within the church. We passed along, then stood;
And Ines, after a few words exchanged
In whispers, said aloud, " We all are here—
Proceed."

A light was struck. A glance sufficed.
Anselmo stood beside me at the altar.
An aged priest, with thin and tremulous lips,
Read by the flickering light of one small lamp,
With hurried voice and low, the marriage office.

Can this be right? Shall I not ask Anselmo—
Shall I not charge him instantly to leave me
Here at the altar steps—on these cold stones—
Here to lie down and die? I laid my hand
Upon his arm—'Can this be right, Anselmo?'
He took my hand, and said, "Confide in me.
I will be true to you; confide in me."
I trembled as he spoke; not that rich voice,
So musical, could reassure my mind;
I trembled as I leant on him. The tree
Sustains the leaf, but the first biting blast
Shall sever it, and it shall be the sport
Of every vengeful storm. I clung to him.
The office was concluded. He embraced me,
And led me to the door.

As we approached
Arroya, we were met by a procession—
A gay procession of the peasantry,
With torches. But how little joy of heart
Had I, who thus had given my hand and heart
Under the cloud of night. To hide my tears,
I tried in vain. So, to divert my mind,
Anselmo asked me if I had remarked
The beauty of the horse that carried me.
I stroked his neck—his neck he proudly arched.
It was Campeador! I had regained

A long lost friend, and gratefully expressed
My thanks. "Nay, thank me not," Anselmo said.
"It is enough to see you smile again;
'Tis the best light, and the most beautiful,
E'en through these tears, that Heaven hath to give."
And at Arroya there awaited us
A cordial welcome from the host and hostess.
They had preceded us, and now insisted
That we should take possession of their house,
As if it were our own, and they our servants.
They waited on us as we sat at supper,
Pressing us to partake of everything
Their kindness had provided for our comfort.
But after supper, I retired with Ines.
She wished to see me; and she said to me,
"Believe me, we have acted for the best.
It looks unseemly and unkind, I know,
That you were not consulted—your consent
Asked and obtained; but we were in a strait.
There was no time, no room for hesitation.
You know not even now the fatal web
That was around you. Look you, Mariquita,
I am your friend, and I am Sara's friend.
I tell you the plain truth—you do not know
The customs of our people. As you came,
We could not harbour you. Your guide, Froila,
Because you left her as you did, had power

To bar the camp to you. What then? 'Tis clear
You could not ride the country with young men.
Nay, weep not now—be not so downcast now.
You are no more the unprotected girl
That came this morning to Despeñaperros.
You are an honoured wife, and none will dare
To meddle with you or molest you more.
But there were dangers that you knew not of;
Many the snares that compassed you around.
Don Jorge was in close pursuit; his men
Beset the passes from La Carolina
To Valdepeñas; and he threatens you,
Saying he can imprison you for debt—
Money he lent your father, to provide
Your maintenance. The unprotected child
Was just the quarry such a kite would fly at.
But now he dare not, for Anselmo's arm
Can shield you well I trow."

While we conversed,
Gaspar came in to tell us how Froila
Had died that day. Ines was greatly moved.
She cried, "God help me! I am innocent
Of this, my sister's death. It is God's hand;
And Mariquita, she can testify
How true I was to her. Nor would I hear
Froila blamed, but travelled back to hear

From her own lips all that she had to say.
As a true sister I entreated her,
And when we overtook her in the pass,
Seeing her mule was staggering and weak,
I prayed her to come hither for refreshment.
Alas! Froila, she was of true blood,
But strong in her was the accusing spirit,
And she must needs press on, outrunning us,
The maiden to denounce. Now she lies silent.
Alas! Froila!"

Ines thought awhile;
Then added, " There will be much questioning
Why she was found dying, with none to help,
And why the maiden she was charged to guide
Had left her thus alone in the Sierra.
Then they will sift the matter through and through,
Tracking her way from Seville to the pass;
And some will say the maiden caused her death;
Others will say, the little Cordovan,
He caused her death. So with the morning dawn
Depart, I pray ye, and avoid the pass.
Avoid Despeñaperros and my people,
And go with God." She wrapped her cloak about her,
And left us. But when morning came, we found
She waited yet to see us, and to say,
That having overnight expressed the wish

That Marta and her husband should escort us
Through the Sierra to Ciudad Real,
And set us forward on the way that leads
Through Cuerva and Toledo, to Madrid.
They undertook the office willingly;
But then how far were they to go with us—
That was the question, and in that discussion
Juan Lopez and his wife outbid each other.
He said the road was bad; the ventas poor;
All, if you asked "What have you got for supper?"
Would say, "Whatever you have brought with you,"
According to the custom of these parts.
So he would recommend a sumpter-mule
To carry fair provision for the road
As far as Cuerva. It was clear to him
We ought to be accompanied so far,
Being strangers to the country. Marta thought
That it was well to see us safe to Cuerva.
But if to Cuerva, why not to Toledo,
Where many goodly sights were to be seen,
Which she would like to see. "But then," urged Juan,
"If to Toledo, why not to Madrid,
And see far finer things? And now, methinks,
It will be best. Does not Gil Pasador
Owe me a hundred duros*, which he vows
To pay to me the very day I come

* Appendix A.

To visit him at home in his tienda?" *
And Marta clapped her hands, and said, "Agreed;
We travel to Madrid; and our expenses,
Why Gil shall pay them." Ines therefore prayed us
To settle with our kind and willing friends
That we should travel in their company.

After brief interview, we all agreed
To travel upon mules in peasant guise.
And then I sent for Ines, to take leave,
And prayed her to accept Campeador,
And keep him, or present him to her people,
As she judged best. She said, "You may present him,
If they will have him. I must cross the seas
In search of Sara. There is none like Sara
In trouble and perplexity; I need
Her aid; and you may need her aid ere long."
And so we parted. And Campeador
Was led that morning to Despeñaperros
By one we trusted. But Froila's death,
As yet neither explained nor understood,
Had so excited that wild race, her kinsfolk,
That when the barb was led into the camp,
And offered as a gift from Mariquita,
They all cried out, "It is the price of blood—
It is hush money—we refuse the bribe—

* Appendix A.

Loose him, and let him go." Campeador
Was loosed. Away, spurning the ground, he sped
Away, with mane free flowing in the wind,
Away to the far plains, free there to roam,
Free to the streams of the Guadalquivir,
Free as the air he breathes. Campeador
Once loosed, regained his birthright and free charter,
And never more shall bit or bridle curb
That neck so proudly arched; nor bloody spur
Print its dark stain upon his snow-white flank.
That very night, his clear shrill neigh was heard
At Torreveas. He is never seen
But for a moment. Meteor-like he passes
And vanishes.

But many a tale is woven
Upon that slender warp. For they will tell
The story as they list. How the poor youth,
Destined to be a priest, was led astray
By an old soceress, who clothed herself
With beauty to deceive him. She waylaid him
In the Sierra passes; but a curse
She uttered there was answered by the bolt
Of heaven. She had entered the Sierra
(For many saw her enter) a young girl,
Of matchless loveliness, upon a barb
Of beauty unsurpassed. But there they found,

Hideous in death, a form distorted, withered,
Sere with the scars of all her evil years,
And by her side lay dead a jaded mule,
The victim of ill-usage and starvation;
And for her crimes she rests not, but her ghost
Is doomed to wander for as many years
As she had misspent as a sorceress.
But others say the sorceress escaped
From the Sierra to the plain, where still
She rides the barb, and decks herself with youth
And beauty to deceive the sons of men.

XII.

We left Arroya by a bridle-road
Known to Juan Lopez: so he led the way.
Marta rode after him, I followed next,
And then Anselmo—all of us on mules.
Then came the boy, the little Cordovan,
Leading the sumpter-mule behind his pony.
We thought it well that he should go with us;
He knew the country, and, when so required,
Could gallop on before us to provide
Lodging and fuel. But we took with us
Good store of food, and also water-bottles,
Mistrusting the Manchegan and his norias.*

Now when the day broke, and we could survey
The party habited in paño pardo,*
There was much merriment. As birds of passage,
Doubtless we were a flock all of one feather,
So I proposed that now, by song and chorus,
Our rank and order in the tuneful tribe
Should be assigned. And so we sang together:
Nor was there lark that morn, or cheerful linnet,

* Appendix A.

Melodious thrush, or plaintive nightingale,
That better woke the echoes of the Sierra,
Than did our joyous company and choir.
The mountain air was somewhat keen and sharp,
So when we halted for our morning meal,
The little Cordovan collected quickly
Dried leaves and sticks, and then piled up huge branches
And struck a light, and fanned it into flame.
Seated around we warmed ourselves, enjoying
The cheerful blaze and crackling of the leaves.
Thus through the rocks and woods of the Sierra,
Its deep defiles and dark ravines, we went
That day, and at a solitary venta
In the Sierra rested for the night.
Next morning we descended to the plains,
And crossed the Guadiana by a ford.
And now farewell for many a weary league
To the refreshing sound of running water—
For here we enter on the arid waste
Of drear La Mancha.

We had crossed the ford:
Before us, undiversified by hill
Or hollow, lay our road of many paths.
One solitary figure was in sight;
A man, some hundred paces in advance,
Whose movements we observed as singular.

Sometimes he hurried on—bounding along
With wonderful activity and speed.
Sometimes he stopped as suddenly transfixed;
Now he would wave his arms, then clasp his hands,
Then menacingly shaking his clenchèd fist.
We thought him mad. At length we overtook him,
For he had thrown himself upon the ground,
And lay upon his side; his head supported
By his left hand; the right he waved, and cried,
"No, I will never yield. Come on, ye caitiffs;
For now your eyes, oh infidels! shall see
How I, a Christian Warrior, can die."
This rhapsody pronounced, he started up,
Advanced to meet us, and, with bow profound,
Hoped for the favour of the audience,
Though unprepared as to all accessories,
To represent with due solemnity
The part he was rehearsing, and to which
He had unwittingly admitted us
As privileged spectators behind scenes.
The tragedy, as yet but incomplete,
Would one day raise its author to a place
Among the votaries of Fame. At present,
Orlando Miraflores is a name
Almost unknown."

We all laughed heartily,

Seeing the very miserable plight
In which this hero of such expectations
And name so grandiose was travelling.
His equanimity was undisturbed,
For he was doubtless disciplined to hear
Casual symptoms of the risible
Salute his speeches and performances
In far more trying cases than the present.
So rather overlooking than resenting
Our indecorum (and perhaps imputing
Our want of manners to our ignorance
Of polished life), the representative
Of kings and princes, with much dignity,
Offered to us his company as far
As might be mutually pleasurable,
Which we accepted with due courtesy;
And then pursued our journey—sure to find
Some entertainment in our new companion.
He told us all his history. At first,
His firm resolve was to be true to nature.
He persevered so long as audiences
Would tolerate so great a novelty.
But loud were the complaints of the spectators
Who came to see kings, heroes, and what not,
Of lofty port, and hear sonorous language,
And not to have their ears offended nightly
With the familiar talk of a mere boor.

(We smiled, and said it was to us a pleasure
To hear Orlando Miraflores talk.)
He changed his style, aiming at highest flights
Of eloquence; and thunders of applause
Greeted him from his entrance to his exit.
But fickle Fortune favoured him not long.
A taller man, with a more potent voice,
A better presence, and a better wardrobe,
Emulous of his talents, rivalled him,
And soon eclipsed him. He could not consent
To shine with minished lustre as a star
Of lesser magnitude—so disappeared.
The firmament of scenic entertainment
Saw him no more But now in confidence
He would divulge his plan; and it was this:
Expatriation from the sunny skies
Of bright Andalucia for a time,
To study in Madrid the highest style
Of action, and imbibe Castilian pure,
Even at the fountain head. He would return
As soon as he could mould his lips to breathe
Castilian pure, and so outshine his rival.

Anselmo counselled him, before attempting
The highest style of tragedy, to weigh
Well in his mind whether he might not turn
The talents which already he possessed

To good account. Orlando Miraflores,
Prince, warrior, king, crusader, and what not,
Speaking the purest of the pure Castilian,
Might, doubtless, sword in hand, carve for himself
A fortune. But the Andalucian lisp,
Imbibed with mother's milk, was apt to cling
To lips once used to it; and pure Castilian
Came not to every open mouth. Why not
Try being true to nature once again,
And grace the laughter-moving Sainete*
With the rich accent of the Andaluz—
A condiment much relished in Madrid?

Such counsel to the poor tragedian
Was most distasteful. What! demean himself
To earn his bread by such buffoonery?
He'd rather sweep the stage, and light the candles,
Than have his accent made the laughing-stock
Of proud Castilians. "No," he said, with fervour,
"I scale the fort, or perish in the breach!"

Anselmo praised the greatness of his soul,
But intimated that since fort and breach
Were for the present safe from escalade,
He would do well to fill his haversack
On any fair occasion that might offer

* Appendix A.

A chance of livelihood, inviting him,
The venta being near, to sup with us.
We supped together, our fantastic guest
Doing full justice to the entertainment.
But whether, after too long abstinence,
His blood was more excitable, or whether
He drank too freely of the Valdepeñas,
I know not; but he volunteered to sing,
And showed some signs of being quarrelsome,
Because Anselmo stopped his vulgar songs.
Next he insisted we should all take part
And act a well known play, "The Jealous Rivals."
He said he would personify the lover,
Untimely murdered by his former friend.
But here the little Cordovan, his eyes
Twinkling with fun and mischief, interposed,
Advising him to let alone that part,
Lest he should meet the fate of Paco Borro.
This sally, which we did not comprehend,
Completely silenced our loquacious guest.
The boy said nothing more till I inquired
Who Paco Borro was, and what the story.
He then related the adventure. "Paco,
Professedly tragedian, but in fact
A strolling vagabond, that walked the country,
Singing low songs, reciting scraps of plays,
And organizing mock theatricals,

From barn to barn, among the peasantry,
Was chiefly known to fame, 'twas singular
But true, as acting in the very play—
Acting the very part this gentleman
Who condescends to sup with us has named.
Lording it over them as manager,
Paco assigned each part. Unhappily,
On one occasion, he made choice for rival
Of a young labrador, who really loved
The maiden who appeared as heroine.
In the catastrophe, the youth by right
Should pierce his rival to the heart; then Paco,
Who plumed himself on falling gracefully,
Would die like a cavalier. No sword
The repertory furnished, so a stick
Had to do duty. The young labrador,
Forgetting or mistaking quite the mode
In which he was to slay his adversary,
Or from a brutal want (so Paco said)
Of high-bred feeling and intelligence;
Or, as more likely, entering too keenly
Into the spirit of the play—and, haply,
Observing Paco act the lover's part
With more devotion to the Señorita
Than he could bear, fell furiously on him.
The stick he grasped for sword was far more cruel

As stick. A shower of blows fell on poor Paco,
Who writhed with pain; and his appeals for mercy,
Mingled with execrations, only prompted
Another shower of blows. Then he feigned dead.
The play was over. Amidst loud applause
The labrador retired. When Paco rose,
He too received congratulations many
On having acted to the life, exhibiting
So truthfully the pain of being beaten.
And it was voted, not a voice dissenting,
To have the play performed again next day.
But Paco prudently resolved to fly,
And leave the labrador without a rival.
He disappeared. But oft the merry tale
Goes round, how Paco profited that night
By the best lesson that he ever had
In tragic acting."

It was manifest
To all who sat at table, that the guest
Who supped with us had very little relish
For the narration of his own adventures,
For such they were, and he was Paco Borro;
He eyed the little Cordovan awhile,
Drank a huge draught of wine, then rose from table,
And left us. Fearing that there would be mischief,

I cautioned the ventero; but he laughed,
And said, that such a Bribon* and Borracho*
Need not disturb my thoughts. There was no cause
For fear. But he agreed, because I asked,
To hold him under lock and key that night,
And, with next sunrise, send him on his way.
But on the morrow, he refused to go,
Insisting that we had invited him
To travel with us to our journey's end.
He said he had no means—not one real—
To pay his way. I offered him some silver,
Which he accepted, and agreed to go
As soon as he had breakfasted. Our host
Supplied him, and attended him to watch him.
During the meal, a large Manchegan knife,
Which the ventero carried in his sash,
Attracted the regards of the tragedian,
Who coveted the knife, and bid for it
A dollar—nay, two dollars—all he had—
Saying, that it was worth his life to pass
Unarmed and all alone in those wild wastes.
The host assured him, that his purse being light,
His wardrobe light, and being light of heel,
He would insure him safe enough to pass,
Unless he played the bully or the meddler.
A knife, he said, might bring him into trouble

* Appendix A.

More readily than it could bring him out.
Manchegan knives were apt to turn in hands
Unskilled to use them. He would like to know
How Señor Paco handled such a weapon.
Paco replied, that for a lesser fault
He'd give a man offending him—say, so much—
(He measured off an inch upon the blade);
And for a greater fault he'd give him so much—
(He measured with his thumb another inch.)
But if his enemy impugned his honour,
The knife should drink his blood unsparingly.
"Friend," said the host, "to grasp a knife to drink
The blood of men, may cost thee something more
In these Manchegan plains, than with good will
Thou would'st consent to pay. There are two sides—
Two parties to such bargains. Would'st thou like
To see the game we play? Ho! Cordovan;
Thou hast a pretty knack at that same play:
Show us thy knife, and how thou handlest it."
Gaspar unrolled a fresh made cigarrillo,*
And nailed the paper to the door; then turned,
And from the farthest corner of the room
Took aim—hurling the knife with a precision
That showed the deadly nature of the weapon.
The mark was hit, and quivering in the door
The knife remained. The boy examined it,

* Appendix A.

And said he was not satisfied. A blade
Of truer steel would pierce the door right through.
He had a Guadix* knife he'd like to try.
He'd go and fetch it. "Now," exclaimed the host,
"Be off, friend Paco. Take the bridle-road
That lies on your right hand; the road it is
That leads by Orgaz to Madrid. Be off!
Cross not the Cardovan; he knows full well
Why you would buy my knife; he'd take your life,
Just as he would a dog's that tried to bite him.
Be off, I say; I want no bloodshed here.
Run, fool! I hear his step. Now by the mark—"
He seized him by the neck and thrust him out,
As Gaspar ran at him with open knife
To frighten him. And now he fled apace;
Fled like a hare across the dusty plain—
Fled still, when none pursued, till lost to sight.

Some six weeks afterwards, Anselmo met him
Prowling about Madrid, half-clothed, half-starved,
And gave him wherewithal to eke out life,
Till he could aid him more efficiently.
And this he did. He wrote a sainete,
Founded upon the story told that night
At supper by the little Cordovan.
Paco, the actual hero of the adventure,

* Appendix A.

Took it to the Director, offering
His services. The merit of the play—
A play within a play—was seen at once;
And the Director's practised eye foresaw
How rich a treat the comedy would be,
Enhanced by such a charming specimen
Of the pure Andaluz. And he judged rightly.
The play gave great content, and Paco shone
A first-rate actor now, all from the lesson
The labrador had given him with his stick.
The beating of him was the making of him,
And the performance was repeated nightly.
Paco's attempts at flights of eloquence,
His native lisp, his arrant cowardice
And boastfulness, all acted to the life,
Proved, as they merited, an endless fund
Of entertainment to the audience,
And profit to poor Paco.

XII.

THENCEFORTH we were more cautious and reserved.
All we saluted courteously, but passed
Onward, as those who wish not to invite
Companionship or converse by the way;
And pressing forward with all diligence,
Entered Toledo after five days' journey.

Anselmo travelled forward to Madrid,
Accompanied by Gaspar. There he hired
A house for us; and when it was prepared
For our reception, we took horse again,
And two short days sufficed us to complete
Our journey. At Madrid, with joy we met.
Anselmo there received me in his arms,
And pressed me to his heart. Thankful were we,
After so many days of dust and toil,
To have the quiet haven of a home.

And there for seven months our cherished friends
Abode with us. And Marta was to me
As a dear sister; and our hearts still twined
With all their clinging tendrils heart to heart,
Until, alas! the melancholy day

That parted us. While Marta lived with me,
I never knew a lonely hour. We sat
Sweetly conversing, or we went together—
Now through the gay and crowded streets, close veiled,
Now to the Prado; but our favourite walk
Was down the meadows by the Manzanares.
What were our thoughts, oh Marta! as we watched,
For the last time, the lovely tints and lights
Reflected on the bosom of its stream?
Did we discern the hand that at the fount
Dissolves the cloud in renovating showers,
Where on the mountain-side the little rills
Sparkle like gems? Or did we recognise
The hand—the gracious hand that fills our cup?
Full is thy river—fresh are all thy streams—
Gentle the dew that is distilled around,
On tender herb and flower, and fruitful blossom,
And all that claims thy care. Refresh our souls,
Oh Father of our spirits! and invite,
By the clear shining of thy glorious light
The incense and the offering of our hearts
To rise where treasured in thy heaven of heavens,
Nothing shall fail—all shall redound again
In showers of blessing, and in sweetest streams,
Gladdening the paradise of God! Was this
Our prayer, oh Marta! as we sat together
Upon the pleasant banks of Manzanares?

Alas! Our hearts were veiled. Little saw we
Beyond the cloud that seemingly obscured
Our happiness and marred our joyousness.
Marta revealed to me the secret grief
That preyed upon her mind. All that she had
She'd give to be a mother. What to her
Were wealth and lands, and houses and possessions?
Her hearth was desolate and all unblest.
To hear the prattle of a child's sweet voice—
To hear the music of its little feet—
Was her one wish on earth. But year by year
Her fluttering hopes had withered, and had withered,
Fading away until they died within her.
She knew, for I had told her I had hopes
Denied to her; and thought it strange and hard
That I, a thoughtless child, whose fondest wishes
Were blended with a thousand foolish fears,
Should have the blessing that her bleeding heart
So passionately yearned for, and in vain.
She lived to see it in another light:
But now she leaned her head upon my breast,
And sobbed as if her heart would break. I tried
To soothe and comfort her with gentle words.
And then I told her all that troubled me.
'Tis a relief to pour into the ear
Of sympathising friend one's grievances.

Without consulting me whether or no
I wished, when Marta left, to have a friend
To live with me—nor yet consulting me
As to what kind of friend I might prefer—
Anselmo, lest I should be dull and lone,
Invited one in whom he could repose
All confidence, an admirable woman,
To live with me when my dear friend was gone.
It did not suit my notions, not at all.
Excellent she might be, discreet, no doubt,
And rather given to domineer, this female,
So admirable and so excellent,
One who could watch each look and note each glance,
And then misconstrue me, and injure me.
So I began to hate before I saw
This excellent and admirable woman.
I told Anselmo that one parting walk
With Marta was the last I meant to take
For many months, and that to sit alone
And think of him, and watch and wait for him,
Would suit me better than the company
Of all the admirable of my sex
That could be found in Old and New Castile.
Anselmo answered that he but advised
That which was best for me. And I replied
That I should at all times observe to do
That which was right and proper, but declined

The assistance of a Dueña* in my duties.
Then I gave way and cried, for I was grieved
To see Anselmo so persistingly
Press my submission; and I said, 'Anselmo,
If you mistrust me—if at any time
My conduct has annoyed you, or conveyed
Suspicion for a moment to your mind,
I pray you set an Aya* over me,
To watch my conduct, and report to you,
And govern and subdue me as you will.'
Anselmo said no more. The subject dropped;
But there was still discomfort. It was clear
He thought me in the wrong, and was offended.
All this I told to Marta, as we sat
That day discoursing by the Manzanares,
And asked her if she thought an enemy
Had whispered in Anselmo's ears some doubt—
Some wrong suspicion. Marta could not tell,
But prayed me by all means to do my best
To live in harmony and confidence
Unbroken with my husband; and to yield
Rather than have discomfort in my home.
But I was young and wilful. I had gained
A triumph in the matter of the Aya,
And was not in the humour to resign
My conquest. But I said I would reflect;

* Appendix A.

And if Anselmo at a future time
Urged it again, I then would do my best
To talk it over temperately with him.

But as it proved, Anselmo was too proud
To say another word, nor did he wish
To overbear me. I misconstrued him
As to his motive. Afterwards I saw
Too plainly there was reason on his side.
Anselmo still was under tutelage;
Not for three months to come would he be free,
And master of his actions. Now his guardians
Could still control his movements, and decree
Where he should go and where he should reside.
They thus had power to interpose and part us,
And it was of great moment to us both—
To me of greatest moment—to abide
During that time unnoticed and unknown.
The street in which I dwelt he entered not
To come to me, but by a secret door
Passed from his study to the house I lived in.
While our dear friends were with us we could count
On some immunity from observation
Of prying eyes. But when they went away,
And I, so young, remained to live alone—
I ought to have foreseen it—I, so young—
Report, because I always went close veiled—

Report would say, so young and beautiful—
Could hardly hope to escape the busy talk
Of idle neighbours. It was evident
That rumourers would whisper, Who is she?
And echoing walls would whisper, Who is she?
For walls have ears, and they have voices too.
There was that danger, but I saw it not—
There was worse danger, but I knew it not.

With many a kindly wish on either side,
And many a tear on mine, Marta my friend,
And Juan her husband, took their leave of us
To travel home. Anselmo tried to cheer me;
He promised to come earlier of an evening,
And wiped away my tears. They were long days,
The days that followed. Many and many a time
I wished that I had taken his advice.
I wished that he would offer it again,
That I might meekly signify assent,
If but to please him. What a happiness
To please him! for no other happiness
Had I. For him I dressed and decked my hair;
For him I set fresh flowers upon my table;
For him I tried to make the little room
Look gay; and when at eventide my lamp
Was trimmed and furnished, with a smile I'd say,
'Now with the glowworm shining in the grass,

And with that lone star shining in the sky,
My sisters twain, I'll light my beacon light,
And my true love will come.' He never failed,
And happy Mariquita then forgot,
In present joy, the previous weary hours.
They passed—as all at last will pass—away.

Nearly three months were gone since Marta went,
When, at an early hour, I heard a step
Approach my chamber door. The step I knew.
It was Anselmo's. Hurriedly he came,
To tell me he was summoned instantly
To Seville, where the Cardinal lay dying.
Full well I understood the deep importance
Of such a summons; for the good old man
Had been through life the guardian of Anselmo.
Even as a father had he been to him,
Exacting the obedience of a son.
Anselmo was his heir. The hour that freed
The old man's spirit from its house of clay,
Would free Anselmo from the hard restraint
Imposed upon him hitherto. No need
To hide our marriage from the eye of men
Would then remain. And I, an honoured wife,
Would freely breathe again the pure fresh air,
And wander through the meadows and the groves,
And hear the song of birds; and all my joy

And every fresh delight would be still sweeter
Shared with Anselmo. So I took good heart,
And said, ‘ God speed your going forth! God speed
Your swift return!’ I faltered not at all,
Nor sought to stay him; but he lingered still,
And gazed upon me with an anxious eye
And harassed brow, and seemed to hesitate,
As if he wished to say, and not to say,
What troubled him. Interpreting his look,
I said, ‘ Anselmo, I can read the cause
Of this perplexity that weighs on you.
You wish that I had now a faithful friend
To care for me; and this anxiety
That weighs on you reminds me of my fault.
I was in fault, Anselmo—grievously
In fault, in that I listened not to you
With due obedience; and these many months,
Had you but spoken again, it was my wish
To yield to your advice.’ Then candidly,
My foolish doubts and fancies I confessed,
And leaning fondly on Anselmo's breast,
I tried to hide the tears that flowed. He smiled
At the imaginary Aya figured
And sketched by me, then from his breast he drew
A locket, that contained a minature,
And opened it. How very beautiful
That dark, full eye, that pale and thoughtful face—

Those features that reflect as in a mirror,
The fine emotions of the mind. And time,
Whose pencillings have changed the glossy hair,
Once dark as raven's wing, to silver grey—
Time hath not touched—or, if it hath but touched,
It hath refined and chastened, not impaired,
The exquisite expression of that face.
It strangely fascinated me. I looked
And looked, till from my lips unwittingly
Burst forth, 'How lovely—how I love that face!'
Anselmo kissed me, and caressingly
Looked upon me, repeating the same words,
"'How lovely—how I love that lovely face!'
Thine in the golden promise of thy youth—
Her's in the silver setting years and sorrows
Have framed for her. Yes, you will love her much,
And she will love you much. To-morrow night—
Would God it were to-night—she shall be here.
A special messenger shall go at once
To bring her from Toledo to this house,
Nor will she tarry by the way. Farewell—
Farewell, sweet heart, and for Anselmo's sake,
Bear up, sweet heart, till he return again."

We parted; we were young; our hearts were true
And strong, and hope was high; and yet, that word—
Farewell!—and that last look—Have you not seen

Or e'er the wintry blast scatters the leaves
And shakes the forest—have you not seen a tinge,
A streak upon the leaf; more beautiful
It seems, enhanced with that bright fringe of gold,
And those rich amber hues, how beautiful!
Sad presage! And that smile, how beautiful!
As he bent over me to say farewell.
A chill crept to my heart. No consciousness
Had I of coming ill, no boding fear,
That I could give a name to; but I felt
As the sere heart alone can feel. Relief
Comes not in words, nor thoughts, nor yet in tears.

I sat me down to gaze, with vacant eyes
Open, but seeing not—how long, I know not,
Nor wist I that my gaze was met. I saw
No man, nor him that came, nor him that went.
But in the street stood one whose piercing eye,
Keen as the basilisk's, was fixed on me.
He crossed the street, knocked freely at the door,
Would no denial take; he was a friend,
Had matters of importance for my ear,
Pushed on to my apartment, entered in,
And ere I could collect myself, sat down
Before me, raised his hat, unclasped the cloak
That muffled still his features—Then I knew him:
It was Hunfredo. Haughtily I rose,

And asked him how he dared intrude on me
Unbidden. And he answered, unabashed,
That he would tell me straightway why he dared—
Give him but time, "A little breathing time,
And I will tell you Señorita. Ha!
You colour angrily. I humbly crave
Indulgence for mine error. You are married
Since last we met, Señora; bear with me,
And I will tell you that which of a truth
You would give much to know. Nay, I am mute,
If you desire it, and you may remain
Ignorant of your birth and parentage,
Ignorant of your kindred, ignorant
Who was the shepherd Esteban, what ties
Of blood drew him to you, to dwell with you
In that lone tower. And you might like to know
If he who claimed the name had any right
To call himself your father. But, mayhap,
You care not for such matters. I am mute,
If so it please you." And the Priest was silent.
I said, 'You have come here against my will;
If you have aught to tell, let it be told,
If you have nought to tell, I pray you go.'
"Lady, you give me scant encouragement;
But listen, you will not repent the grace
That I have craved.

" Señora, on the plain
You were well tended while the shepherd lived—
Him you called Esteban. No shepherd he,
But of an ancient, honourable house,
And he sole heir of all their wide domains.
But he inherited, besides, the dower
Brought by his mother—he inherited
That fatal dower, infused into the veins—
Her Jewish blood, which blood would have its course.
Carlos de Solis loved the ancient records
Of Holy Writ more than he loved the Church.
Suspected to be no true Catholic,
And threatened with the wrath of Holy Church,
He leased his lands, went down to Alicante,
And sailed, it was supposed, to Italy.
He had two daughters; one he took with him:
The elder was your mother. You grow pale.
Take courage, lady. Eva was her name;
She was the wife of a high-born cavalier.
Three years they lived together. By a fall
In hunting it is said that he was killed
In the Segura forest. There he fell;
And it was whispered he had had foul play—
'Twas but a whisper. But your mother pined,
Wasting away—wasting away with grief.
And as she lay a dying she was borne—
Whether still breathing, that is only known

To those who had a part in the affair—
Dying or dead they bore her to the chapel;
Dying or dead they solemnized a marriage.
The mayor-domo thus enriched himself,
And took possession of his master's lands,
And called himself your father. Now you know
What for my part I think it right and just
That you should know. A gallant caballero
Your father was; and on your mother's side
You are of noble blood. And that low caitiff
Who ruined your estates and then forsook you,
Was not your father. Why then were you left
To such a worthless fellow's guardianship?
Carlos de Solis knew that it was vain
To try a rescue, with the cry gone forth
Against him as a heretic. He knew
He could not face that storm and rescue you;
He bent before the blast that threatened him,
And in the humble garb and character
Of lowly shepherd, he re-entered Spain;
And, having found you, offered services
Such as were never tendered yet by shepherd.
He kept the sheep and found them too. No flock
Ever was known to yield such revenues;
Truly it was a flock with golden fleèces.
But then you understand that Esteban
Received from Murcia the yearly rent

Of the De Solis lands. But when he died,
And the Alchemist was gone, the flock soon went.
The gold, however, was not in the flock;
But I can tell you where to find it all,
And more. The lands are yours—they are your own.
Clara de Solis, she whom you have seen
Camped with the Zincali, by them called Sara—
She is as deep in heresy, or deeper,
Than was her sire. She could not touch an ounce,
Not a real, of these vast revenues,
But for the aid of one well known to me.
My brother has a lease of the estates;
A certain rent is punctually paid;
And just as punctually, you may guess,
For his own share, he pockets twice as much.
Why do I tell you this? I mean, Señora,
To take an interest in your affairs:
I mean to see you righted. What say you?
Chaplain? confessor? secretary?—Say
How I can serve you best."

I loathed the man,
And bade him quit my presence instantly.
He smiled as he went out, and I could hear
His dogged, heavy step upon the street,
Under my window, pacing to and fro.
I tried to occupy myself; his step

Still sounded to and fro—and to and fro.
I tried to sleep; the heavy, dogged step
Still sounded to and fro—and to and fro.
It beat upon my head, stroke after stroke,
Each footfall, as it fell, like iron blow
Of weighted hammer upon ringing arch.
The brain gave way; convulsions bowed me down.
That evening, as the sun was going down,
My babe was born.

Under the cloud of night,
Men forced their way into the room where slept
My babe upon my breast; they seized my arms,
And held me down, and tore my child from me,
And left me conscious only—Oh! that cry!
That cry!

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XIII.

'I PRAY you, neighbours, have you seen my babe—
Or heard its cry—
A cry that would brings tears to any eyes
But mine?
Yet had I once a heart like yours—a heart
Tender and true.
But when I lost my babe it turned to stone;
The fount is dried.
Even from the source, and all the stream is dried;
I cannot shed a tear.
I pray you weep not—it reproacheth me
To see you weep.

* * * * *
* * * * *

'The night shines bright,
For God hath set stars
To lighten my path.
Know you the story,
How the Magi of old
Were led by a star?
They walked through arid deserts
And over boundless plains;

They traversed glens and torrents,
And clomb the mountain peaks,
Till they came to the city—
The City of God.
Then the star went before them,
To Bethlehem of Judah,
And there it stood still
Over the place
Where the young child lay.

* * * * *
* * * * *

'Therefore, mine eyes keep watch upon the heavens,
I wait the advent of the guiding star
That's lit for me. I pray you look for me;
For as I gaze they are all in circles dancing,
All in a giddy maze in circles whirling,
And lead me on in rounds from house to house,
In rounds from street to street. And I am weary.

* * * * *
* * * * *

'Sir, I will tell you why—
My lord is coming home.
I know not how to meet him with these lips
So cold. Only the worm that loves the chill
Of death could feast upon these clay-cold lips.
But if my babe be found,

Then shall the lamp be trimmed
Against his coming home,
And his dear heart be cheered—
No matter where they lay me,
My babe will cheer his heart
With sweetest looks from sweetest eyes,
And sweetest smiles from sweetest lips.

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'Breathe, oh night winds! whatever lullabies
Are sung by happy mothers to their babes;
Convey that music gently to my sweet child's ears;
But tell him not of my unrest—
Tell it to God,
And whisper not, lest that Anselmo hear
That I have lost my babe, and that our hearth
Is desolate—
Tell it to God.

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'The stars put out their light;
'Tis a chill morning, and the sun is cold.
Let no one grieve for me because I shiver.
'Tis pitiful to see all faces grow so dark;
To see mirth banished, and the strong man pass
His hand across his eyes, and women weep,
And children cease to play.

All will be well when I have found my babe,
And drank from those dear eyes a look of love,
And drank from those dear lips a smile of love—
All will be well.

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'Nay, friends, be not so rough.
What have I done—what wrong? Whom have I harmed?
You pain my wrists. Ha! manacles?
Nay, put not on these cruel, cruel irons.
I have no strength to hurt you or to harm you.
I have wandered till I totter on my feet,
Seeking my babe. Are you men? Are you fiends?
I will be gentle—gentle as a babe.
Who spoke of a babe?
Good friends! kind friends! say, have you seen my babe?'

XIV.

The narrow cell, the rusted window-grate,
The uneasy pallet upon which I lay—
All the realities that compassed me,
Appeared to me as freaks of fantasy,
Vain and imaginary vagaries,
That crossed but could not sully the pure stream
Of happiness that now possessed my mind.
Beneath the smile of God entranced I lay;
My barque was on the waters, borne along
By gentle winds that, wafted from the wings
Of ministering seraphs, fanned the air,
And lulled my thoughts and fancies. On and on
My barque was borne—for when they moved their wings,
There was a gentle ripple at the prow—
On to the lovely shore and happy land
Where Esteban and Sara wait for me,
And one whose smile I know.

But in a night
The dream of bliss departed, and I saw
A multitude all swiftly rushing on

To chide with me. Head surging over head,
Like the wild waves that break upon the cliff,
They came. Their brows are knit, their eyes are fierce,
And with one voice accusing me they cry—
What have you done? The few that stood with me
Bent down their eyes awaiting my reply.
I tried to speak, but could not, for my lips,
And tongue, and throat, were parched. They waved
their arms,
As if triumphantly, and passed away.
I woke, but could not speak, and could not move;
The temples of my head throbbed painfully.
Again I tried to speak; and now I heard
A voice I seemed to know. A gentle voice,
Like the familiar strain of some sweet air,
Said to me, "Hush! you have not strength to speak."
Then, calling an attendant, she desired
That the physician should be told that now
I was awake. He came; she took my hand:
"This, Señor, is my friend, who needs your care.
Twenty-one days agone they brought her here,
As one bereft of reason. 'Twas not so;
'Twas fever, and neglect induced delirium;
I had not been but a few hours with her
When it subsided. Now, by my request,
The superintendent kindly gives me rooms
Next to her own, to nurse her and to tend her;

And thither, with your kind advice and aid,
We would remove her presently." My pulse
He felt, then smoked a cigarrillo; felt
My pulse again, then nodded pleasantly,
And said, "You may remove her when you will.
She will do well. I kiss your feet, Señora."
Then in her arms dear Sara lifted me,
And now a smile of love we interchanged,
As tenderly she bore me from the cell,
Along a passage to an airy room,
And laid me on a couch, so simply neat,
Covered with fair white linen, that the freshness
Of all around revived me, and I asked
How she had found me out, and where we were.
But Sara placed her finger on her lips,
Enjoining silence. So I lay and gazed
With dreamy eyes. How sweet to watch her face
Falling asleep—how grateful was that sleep!

Next evening, as she sat beside my couch,
I noticed something glitter that she held:
I looked—it was a clasp—I knew the clasp:
Esteban's book lay open in her lap,
His book of holy songs and sacred story.
I said, 'Dear Sara, read to me.' She read
Here a sweet verse, there a sweet verse to me.
And when I looked I saw that it was Sara;

But when I closed my eyes, surely the voice
Was Esteban's; and then my thoughts took wing
To the far plain, to my accustomed seat
Upon the mound with him. That voice—that book—
How is it then? or is it all a dream?
God giveth songs—songs in the night—to cheer
The drooping spirit, and revive the heart.
And it was in the search for that lost treasure,
That Sara found the clew by which she traced me,
And to my succour hastened.

Esteban,
The night before he died, a solemn charge
Had given to Sara, to repair once more
To a far valley in the higher Alps,
With alms and offerings for a suffering Church—
A suffering people that had sheltered him
In other days. Sara with pious zeal
Fulfilled the duty; but her health succumbed.
She sickened, and for many a month she lay
With little hope of life. Recovering
But slowly from the fever of the valley,
A year elapsed ere she retraced her steps,
Re-entering Spain. At Seville she was told
That I had left Don Pedro's house by night,
But no one knew whither I bent my steps.
She passed to Mangonegro, and saw Rosa.

Rosa related how she was misled
By false inventions, purposely devised
To sunder us—how nightly she had prayed
That from the wiles and snares of enemies
I might escape. But never had she heard
Whither I went. So next to Torreveas
Passed Sara. And Dolores still was there,
Who for all answer wept and wept again.
" Then to Despeñaperros must I go,"
Said Sara, " for the Zincali are there,
And Ines may have tidings of the child."
" Hold now!" Dolores said; " she whom you seek
Is in the Soto: she no longer camps
Among her people. There's a mystery
Why she departed from their camp; but now
She and her boy, whom you remember, Pepe,
They dwell apart, and they are in the Soto."

There Sara found her. All my history
Ines related circumstantially,
Up to the day we parted at Arroya.
Further she knew not, for she left the Sierra
That very day to travel to the south;
But Gaspar had gone with us to Madrid.
If Gaspar could be found, he doubtless knew
Where we were lodged. Pepe would seek him out.
He had been seen last week in Cordova;

Pepe would go for him, and bring the boy
To Torreveas. Pepe tarried not
To mount a pony tethered near the tent,
And gallop off. Then Sara spoke to Ines,
Of her desire to repossess the book,
That she had laid beneath her father's head,
When he was carried forth to burial.
Ines averred she feared to see that book,
Nor would she meddle with the dead, nor touch
That which the dead had touched. But Sara said,
" It is the Book of Life. My father's spirit
Would grieve to know that in the silent tomb
Of dark decay I suffered it to lie.
At any cost I must regain the book."
Ines said, thoughtfully, " You must not venture—
And yet it may be done. The Cordovan
Fears nothing, and he knows the vaults." She lowered
Her voice, and whispered, " He is often there ;
His mother is the servant of the Priest,
And in the chapel vaults the boy has stores.
So if, indeed, you must have back the book,
Let Gaspar fetch it."

Waiting the return
Of Pepe with the little Cordovan,
Sara asked Ines why they camped apart,
And how they lived. " You are my friend, Señora,

And I will tell you truly. As to living,
We live but poorly—but we live in hope;
For Pepe has a plan. If we could buy
A mare or two to start with, on the plain
We could rear horses, and do well in time.
But now our stock is small; one little pony
Is all we have, but still we live in hope
To tide it over and do well in time.
As to my people, they went mad the day
That your young friend—she knew not what she did—
Left old Froila in the mountain pass.
Her angry passions choked her, as I think;
But there arose much questioning and clamour.
Our people said I was the friend of Busne,*
And not of the Errate,* so I left them."
" A true friend, Ines, you have been to me,"
Said Sara; " and you shall not want for means
To stock the plain while I have gold to give."
Twenty-five ounces Sara counted out
That night to Ines, her free gift and present.

Pepe returned with speed from Cordova,
And Gaspar with him, who knew well the house
In which I lodged, with Juan and Marta Lopez.
He offered willingly to go as guide
With Sara to Madrid. As to the book,

* Appendix A.

He had it safe ; for he was in the vault
The night that Esteban was buried there,
And, as they lowered him down, he turned the lamp
He held upon the face of Esteban,
And something glittered underneath his head
That looked like gold. And when he went again
Into the vault, he found the book and took it,
Wrapping it carefully, because he judged
It was a work of value. Presently
He would ride over to the Hermitage,
And fetch the book for Sara.

Late that night,
Gaspar returned in safety with the book.
But in presenting it seemed lost in thought,
Heedless of prize and heedless of reward:
" He had heard *that*," he said, " he feared to tell."
But, being urged, with agitated voice
He told his story: how he went, as wont,
Cautiously to the Hermitage, and tapped
Upon a tree beside his mother's window,
And whistled low. A light she struck was sign
To enter in. Hunfredo was from home
Upon a journey. So they supped together
In the Priest's parlour. Hardly was the meal
Despatched, when Gaspar's keen quick ear detected
The turning of a key. The hand he guessed;

And, darting into a recess, lay hid
Behind a pile of wood. Hunfredo entered,
Accompanied by one, who, seemingly,
Was of his order. Long and earnestly
They talked; at times aloud, at times so low
He failed to catch the purport. But he heard
That which had nearly made him hurry out
From where he lay. They spoke of Mariquita
As having lost her reason, and Hunfredo
Had seen her at Toledo, there in ward
Among the insane, and dying, as he thought.

Afflicted beyond measure, but intent
(Could she by any means accomplish it)
On taking care of me and nursing me,
Sara set out with Gaspar. Night and day
They travelled. On arrival at Toledo,
She went to see the principal physician,
Whose charge it was to visit the asylum,
And, frankly telling him her purpose, gained
His friendly aid. "It was impossible,"
He said, "to move me in my present state."
Then she would be my nurse, were there but hope
Of access. He was willing to discuss it.
The superintendent of the female ward,
A lady whom he held in much esteem,
Had rooms at her disposal. He advised

Sara to see her, and arrange with her
For the accommodation of her friend.
He, for his part, would recommend the change,
And place his services at her disposal.
The superintendent willingly agreed
That both should be received—myself as patient,
And Sara as a servant to attend me.

Thus with a true devotedness and love,
Which could not be surpassed, did my dear friend
Enter these gloomy walls, where the bereft
Of reason languish out their time, or rave
Till Heaven opens free its gates of rest,
Closing the scene. Thus did she undertake
A duty for my sake so arduous,
So full of painfulness. For she enlarged,
As I recovered strength, her sphere of labours,
Calming, with gentle voice and soothing words,
The frantic and despairing. Deep the well
And clear the living spring from which she drew
The theme of consolation for the mind—
If haply but a ray of light Divine
Might penetrate the gloom of that dark heart—
If haply but a momentary calm
Might lull the passions of that stormy brain—
If haply but a word of soberness
Recall those senses lost in crazy mirth—

It was her part, it was her privilege,
To wait on all with holy sentences—
The loving messages of God to man,
Interpreted in pure Castilian,
The language of our hearts.

Esteban's book
Was precious to my soul in many an hour,
When pain and anguish preyed upon my mind,
And the low murmur trembled on my lips:
Why was I born into this suffering world?
There was a cloud, in mercy it was sent—
A cloud upon my mind. That dreadful day
Was blotted out. No memory had I
Of all that passed—no memory of my child,
Nor that they tore him from my arms that night.
My life up to that day—was it a dream?
But there were dreams that to my inward sense
Were clearer far. I doubted of the past,
Whether in truth it were not all a dream.
And, like a broken chain, my shattered mind
Was powerless of itself to re-connect
The story of my life, unless a link
Were given, enabling me to realize
That which had been. But for dear Sara's love
I had not lived. Devotedly she nursed me.
And as she sat by me, the pure soft light

Of Sara's eyes was very sweet to me.
One evening, I said, 'Sara, I have dreamed
A day-dream, that my mother looked even so,
As you do now. And I have dreamed a dream—
So sweet a dream—and yet 'tis passing strange,
That 'twas a voice, harsh, and of evil omen,
That told me that my mother was a child
Of Esteban. But still the dream is sweet.
I love to lie and look into your eyes,
And think of her, as you bend over me;
And fancy—for I love to fancy it—
That she was like you. Smile again, even so,
Dear Sara, for my mother smiled even so.
But when she died, the smile that left her lips
Died not, but lived again upon the lips
Of Esteban. And when he died, that smile
Died not, but passed to live within your lips.
Is it not so? I do not pain you, Sara?'

XV.

SARA embraced me, saying, " And that smile,
Could I but see it on your lips once more!
It is no fleeting fancy, no vain dream,
That you have dreamed; for from my father's lips
Your sainted mother had that tender grace,
That heavenly light, that holy smile of love,
Which you remember to have seen. His child,
His darling Eva, early called away
To her eternal home, left one sweet infant,
Long lost to us, long sought for, but in vain,
Till God directed us. Now your heart yearns
To know it all. And Miguel Alava—
No, he was not your father. And your heart
Burns to know all—and why we hid from you
The story of your birth; and why we came,
My father, as a shepherd, to the plains,
I with the wandering race, the Zincali.
Know then, it was for you, child of our hearts,
For love of you, my father secretly
Attempted what he could not openly
Venture to do. He risked imprisonment,
Torture, and death, in setting foot in Spain.

" 'Tis said that in our race and lineage
There is a tinge (and some would call it taint)
Of Jewish blood. If it be so, indeed,
'Tis a reproach that we may be content
To bear with our dear Lord, the royal line
Of David, and with Prophets and Apostles.
The source I know not, but my father's heart
Was moved within him deeply for that race,
So honoured once and now so trodden down
Of men. He was a scholar deeply read,
And knew the Hebrew tongue. In Palestine
He had been often as a traveller,
And had discoursed with the far-scattered Jews
In many lands. It has been said (he felt
Too truly) by our poets and divines,
That it is easier to move the hearts
Of heathen to embrace the cross of Christ
Than to convert the Jew. But in the free
Confiding intercourse he cordially
Invited, he was led to ponder deeply
Upon the causes that estranged and sundered,
From the new covenant of love and peace,
Those who by blood are brethren of our Lord.
Unhappily, the Jew could point with scorn
To Christians bowing down to images
Of wood and stone, and ask, 'Is this the faith
You would invite us to—this the Communion?

True, we are outcasts from the pleasant land
God gave our fathers; we are wanderers,
Without a country and without a temple;
But this we have, in our sad pilgrimage,
This one support we have—blessed be God!—
We bow to Him alone—the Invisible,
The Lord our God. If Christ, our King, be come,
The hope of Israel, to redeem our nation,
And gather to his Kingdom from all lands
The scattered tribes, proclaim the grand event
Our joy fulfil. But tell us not, my brother,
Of Christs of wood or stone.'

"Remonstrances,
Couched in such terms, fell on no heedless ear.
My father searched the Scriptures earnestly,
And, as he read and pondered, the conviction
Gained force, that in the time of the Apostles
A purer worship and a purer faith
Prevailed—a faith that might embrace both Jew
And Gentile in its ample fold—a Church
Spotless and without blemish before God.

"One year—it was the year that you were born—
We spent the winter months at Alicante,
And there my father found a family,
In which he took a lively interest—

Jews by descent—converts ostensibly,
And strict in their obedience to the Church,
But, as my father judged, and rightly judged,
Jews in the secret chamber of their hearts.
The elder son was in a priory,
In course of preparation for the priesthood.
The younger son, Mateo, was the stay
And sole support of a dependent mother
In feeble health. The amiable traits
That marked his conduct as a son, secured
My father's notice and regard. Intent
To do him some substantial benefit,
And finding him accomplished as a scribe,
My father soon engaged his services
To aid him in compiling and revising
A work he was desirous to complete.
Freely, but with due reverence, they discoursed
God's dealings with the sons of men, the law,
The prophecies, the coming of Messiah,
The covenant of grace, the character
Of Christ, and of his humble followers,
The purity attainable by man
Taught by the Spirit. And my father urged
Upon Mateo's mind the excellence
Of such a plan for man's recovery
From sin and death. Whence such a glorious plan,
If not the work of the Great Architect?

Mateo listened, for his ear drank in
The music and the beauty of the theme.
But hath he yet embraced it with his heart,
Or is it only as a melody,
A reverie, a beatific vision,
He views the gospel scheme? We never knew.
I know not now. But much it weighs on me,
That there may be a cause. His zeal to serve
Our interests I feel may be the cause
Why he conforms to semi-Pagan rites
He cannot but despise, why he is still
A man of two religions—one by law,
Another in his heart.

"Not so my father:
As one who in a dry and thirsty land
Had found a living stream, had drank thereof,
And found eternal blessedness therein,
He could not but impart the sacred treasure,
That all might taste, and drink of it, and live.
Some listened to him, and some turned away.
But even they who thought him in the wrong,
Could not but love him for his gentle spirit,
So sweetened with affection and compassion.
And thus he moved among his fellow men,
Kind and forbearing, patient and endearing,
Endeavouring to do kindnesses to all,
Nor knew he that he had an enemy.

"It came at last. We had not long returned
To pass the summer months in Orihuela,
When, at an early hour and in much haste,
Mateo came, requiring instantly
To see my father. With a troubled brow
He told him that a charge of heresy
Impended over him. At any hour
His papers might be seized, and he consigned
To the dark dungeons of the inquisition.
There came another warning that same day—
A private notice from our friendly Bishop
(The same who is Archbishop now of Seville)—
Advising that my father should escape,
Secure his property, and burn his papers.
Within one hour we were prepared to fly:
Only, solicitous to save the fruit
Of many years of thought and careful study,
And anxious to complete his work, he took
His manuscripts, resolved at any cost,
At any risk, to save them. Rapidly
We rode to Cartagena, and at sunset
Drew bridle near the town, and entered slowly,
Mateo passing round to ascertain
What vessels there might be, and whither bound.
Alighting at the Fonda,* presently
Mateo joined us with the welcome news

* Appendix A.

That late that night would sail for Genoa,
A well-manned brig, that had put into port
For some repairs. The opportunity
Was gladly seized; but ere we went on board
A deed was executed by my father,
In presence of a notary of the town,
Leasing his whole estate in Orihuela,
For a long term of years, to his young friend
Mateo. Honourably has the trust
Been to this hour discharged.

" Sailing that night,
In seven days we neared the Italian coast,
And sighted Genoa. The sails were furled,
And we lay off till sunset, then stood in
And came to anchor in a rocky creek,
Under the land. A signal light was hoisted:
'Twas answered, and the dipping sound of oars
Soon met the ear. The captain went below
And bade my father follow. In few words
He told him, that perceiving he had wares
That might occasion trouble, he advised
That we should not proceed to Genoa,
But rather take advantage of the boat,
And land where he could answer for our safety,
' And where,' he added, ' I have trusty friends
Who will procure you tried and faithful guides

Into the upper valleys of the Alps,
Whither I make no doubt you mean to go,
To join the primitive religionists.'
And then he told us he had goods on board
For that same people, who would send for them,
And thus we should enjoy safe company,
Accustomed to the mountain roads and passes.

"Up to that time we hardly saw our way.
Here, by the gracious hand of God, a way
Was opened, and a refuge from the storm
Provided for our shelter. Gratefully
We seized the welcome opportunity,
Bid the kind captain of the sloop farewell,
Entered the boat, and quickly to the shore
Were borne; while, spreading to the wind her sail,
The sloop passed on. That night we were the guests
Of the poor fishermen who manned the boat.
They showed us every kindness, and provided
According to their means for our reception.
Strangers in a strange land we passed that night.

"With morning light we rose to view the landscape—
An amphitheatre of hills, dissevered
By intervening valleys and ravines.
The hills were castle-crested; every summit
Boasted its watch-tower and its fortalice;

While, clustering beneath the massive walls,
As if relying on their armed protection,
Lay grouped the dwellings of the villagers—
A picture of the feudal age bygone.
'Here,' said my father, 'let us sit awhile,
And from these moss-grown rocks and ruins glean
Something of interest in the history
And records of the past. These toppling crags—
These broken jagged cliffs—these fearful chasms
Tell of the force of the volcanic powers
That, in the war of elements, convulsed
And burst the riven earth, and strewed the plain
With fragments wildly rent and tossed, and heaped
In chaos wild. Man enters on the scene;
Rears high the battlement, forges the bolt,
Crowns every cliff with bristling armoury,
And hurls defiance, till the reeling earth
Trembles again beneath the shock of war.
Ages are past—and now survey the scene—
The ivy-mantled portal, moss-grown wall,
And flower-enamelled hill. Time's soothing hand
Hath softened every stern asperity.
Passions, once pent within the stormy breast,
Or bursting forth fierce as volcanic fires,
Repose in silence; and the landscape melts
Into this liquid beauty that we see
Dimly, through tears that all unbidden start,

And fill the eye. But yet we owe a tribute
To those grim warriors of that iron age.
The feudal castle, perched like eagle's eyrie
On headland and on cliff—the mountain fastness,
Whose rocky barrier spurned the leaguered host,
Defiant of the despot and his myriads,
Has proved the cradle of our liberties,
A refuge for the oppressed. In this fair Italy
Was fought the battle of civilization:
In the recesses of these Alpine ranges
Shines the pure light of gospel truth, unquenched
By all the efforts of benighted bigotry—
By all the powers of priestly tyranny,
That chained the nations to the car of Rome.
The poor and lowly servants of their Lord
Find shelter, as the floweret findeth shelter
Beneath the rocky precipice that towers
Over its head—We shall find shelter there.
So not in vain these throes of earth have been.
The earthquake and the cataract of fire
Have wrought His pleasure, who directs all issues
According to the purpose of His will.
He hath done all things well.'

"'Twas thus my father
Loved to discourse with me. Now time would fail
To tell you of our journey to the Alps,

And of our sojourn there. For many years
We dwelt among the simple mountaineers,
In happy fellowship and sympathy.
And still my father worked, nor spared himself,
To perfect his translation of the Scriptures,
That in the noble language of our land—
That in the touching language of our heart—
The finished work of Christ might be made known;
Not in words of the wisdom of this world,
But in the burning words of saints and prophets—
Words of the living oracles of God—
To every child of our beloved country.
Counting that He who said, Let there be light,
Willeth that none should perish utterly
For lack of light. And time would fail to tell
Of my deep interest in my father's work,
Or of my humble efforts to instruct
The little ones of the poor mountaineers,
Wending my way each morn from hut to hut,
Till winter's snows made it too perilous.
Often and often we can talk of it
At other times; but now I must press on
To tell you of the one anxiety
That lay a grievous burden on our minds.

"My sister Eva, far the loveliest flower
In Orihuela—she had gone from us

A blooming bride three years before our exile.
Often she wrote to tell us of her life—
Her happy life ; and after you were born,
Her letters overflowed with joyfulness
And tenderness. But after leaving Spain
We heard no more. Often we wrote to her,
But never letter came, and our suspense
Was painful in the extreme. Mateo knew
How much we suffered, and how fervently
We longed for tidings in our banishment
Of one so dear ; and failing to procure
Intelligence on which he could rely,
Resolved to make the journey for our sakes,
And travel to the forest of Segura.
Too true the rumours that had reached his ear :
Fernando Gomez, the high spirited
And noble youth that Eva had espoused,
Was killed, 'twas said in hunting, in the forest;
But to this day it is a mystery.
The horse he rode sped homeward. Eva saw it
Dash by without a rider, white with foam ;
The rein torn from the bit, the saddle turned,
Swung by the girths. One piercing cry she uttered :
' My husband, they have slain him in the forest!'
Nor ever spoke again, as some averred ;
But others said, that by the Priest's advice,
To insure protection for her infant babe,

She to the mayordomo gave her hand
In marriage ere she died. Mateo asked
Where is the child, and where the mayordomo?
The people only knew that he had gone,
Taking the child with him. The property
Was sold to satisfy the various claims
Made by the mayordomo. And the Priest?
He, too, was gone. No trace, no clew remained.
Mateo travelled back to Alicante,
And wrote to tell us the heartrending tale.
Nor could he soften the afflictive stroke
With any tidings or with any hope
Of the discovery of Eva's child,
To solace our deep grief. Years passed away:
We could not enter Spain. We could but urge
Inquiry on inquiry; but no light,
No ray of hope, was thrown across the gloom
That deepened year by year.

"One winter night—
The snow was falling thick, the drift was deep—
We sat together by the fire—my father,
Myself, and faithful Velador, my guide
In all my mountain rambles. As the drift
Gathered against our door, my father cried,
'Alas! for houseless wanderers!' The dog
Looked in his face—walked to the door—lay down,

Snuffing with long-drawn breath—then whined, then
barked.
We listened, and we heard a far-off cry.
Then came a fainter cry, telling too plainly
Of some poor traveller struggling through the storm,
Or ceasing, it might be, to struggle more.
My father seized his staff, and hastened out,
Through the deep drifting snow, with Velador,
And through the blinding storm. I lit my lamp,
And followed, tracking silently his steps.
Nor far had gone, before I found him bending
To raise an almost lifeless female form,
Resisting, seemingly, the attempt to raise her,
And clutching desperately a woollen coat
Half buried in the snow. I stooped to look,
But now my lamp went out. Guiding my hand
Along the woollen garment, I discovered
That which she had not strength to tell—her boy
Lay buried in the drift. The new fallen snow
Was easily removed, enabling us
In a short time to extricate the child,
Whose garment so tenaciously was grasped
By his poor mother. He had first succumbed,
And slept the sleep that would so soon have proved
The sleep of death; she, in her agony,
Had stretched herself above him, in the endeavour
Still to preserve, by warmth, the vital spark.

And as the snow was gathering to enclose
Both in one tomb, she cried and cried again,
And her cry reached the chalet where we lived.
My father carried home the boy; I followed,
Leading the shivering mother after him.
Velador led us, with unerring instinct,
Home to the chalet, by the mountain path
We could no longer see. We wrapped the woman
In blankets, which we warmed, and woollen rugs,
And then applied ourselves to chafe the limbs
Of her poor boy; and first we rubbed his hands
And feet with snow, restoring by degrees
The circulation to his limbs. At times
The anguish of the mother would break forth
In words of a strange language that we knew not.
Then, rising from the couch on which we laid her,
She murmured as she bent her o'er her child,
'Just like the youth—just like the noble youth—
In the Segura forest.' And again
She muttered words of fondness and endearment,
In her strange language, as she looked at him;
Till, to her joy, he moved his lips to speak.
For, with returning warmth, returning life
Was circling in the current of his blood,
And in another hour he had revived.
And then we warmed some food for our poor guests.
But much I pondered what the woman said,

Gazing upon her child, when, as in death,
His eyes were closed; and I looked hard at both.
The filmy eyes with strange and fitful gleam,
The swarthy features, particoloured dress
So gay, the looks and language interchanged,
Bespoke them plainly of the Zincali.
When they had supped, we sat awhile together;
Then to the boy I said, 'You lay so still
Down in the snow-wreath, like the silent dead,
Wrapped in a winding-sheet; your mother cried,
"Just like the youth—just like the noble youth—
In the Segura forest!"' 'Nay, Señora,'
Said the gitana, 'nay, I named no forest.'
I said no more—she said no more to me.
I was convinced, by her evasive answer,
She knew that which she did not choose to tell.
What might it be, and what might it not be,
I trembled with anxiety to know.
She scrutinized me with keen searching eye.
After a while my father took the lad
Apart, and bade him occupy the bed
Prepared for him; and then returned to us.
We sat by the fire, and waited silently
Till the gitana spoke.

"'I see, Señora,
That you are Murcians, and wish to know

If it was in the forest of Segura
I saw a noble youth on the cold earth laid
In death. Señora, I will tell you truly:
I saw it in the forest of Segura:
But of the manner of his death or cause
I never knew it, and can tell you nothing.'
She paused and looked at me, and then continued,
'There's trouble on your brow, and it may be
The Doña Eva was your friend. Alas!
'Twas pitiful—but there is anguish in your eye,
Señora, and we will not talk of it.
But now there is a look—it cannot be—
She had a sister.' And I said to her
She was my sister. Then she pondered long
Before she spoke again. 'I ought to have known it.
And now what can I say, what can I do?
The past is sealed. Ines can say no more.'
'Ines,' I said. 'I neither wish to know
Of him who died mysteriously so young,
Nor yet of her who died of a broken heart,
Nor of the dead, nor of the hidden past.
One thing, and only one, I ask to know,
And solemnly I charge you to declare,
As in God's holy presence, what you know.
Where is the child—my sister Eva's child?'
She bent her head, to lean it on her hand,
And answered, 'If you think to take the child

From him who claims to exercise the right
Of guardianship, you cannot. Move a finger,
And he will hand it over to the nuns.'
At once I reassured her. 'We are exiles.
We dare not even appear to urge our claim.
And any suit or contest for the child
Would but result in widening the gulf
That separates us now. Our only wish
Is to devise some little acts of kindness,
Some tokens of affection to interpret
The language of our hearts, and cheer her heart—
Something to tell her she is not alone,
Neglected and unloved in a cold world;
For pitiful as is their lot who perish
Outcasts of weather, when descending snows
Shape softly with their flakes a sepulchre,
More pitiful their lot whose hearts are chilled
Unkindly from the cradle to the grave,
Shivering through life unhappy and unblest.
You to whom Heaven gave this night in mercy
To shelter in your breast, and breathe upon,
Your child—'

"Vehemently, passionately,
She interrupted me, 'The Zincali
Can feel; and I, a mother, I can feel—
What Ines owes you, Ines will repay.

The track is long, but I will follow it—
Though it were twice twelve years, I'd follow it
To trace the child. I will not flinch nor fail.
I have the clew. First I must find the man
That went as guide the night that Luis Nuñez
Left the Segura forest with the child.
The man I know, for he is of our people.
Once on the trail, I will not quit the chase
Till I have found the child.'

"Ines was true.
The morning shone out clear. She and her boy
Pursued their journey down to Genoa,
Crossed into Spain with letters for Mateo,
Made search and quest among the Zincali
In every forest, till she found the man,
Joaquim, who was Luis Nuñez' guide
The night that he absconded with the child,
And by the help of Joaquim pursued
The track to Torreveas, on the plain,
And thence to Mangonegro. There she saw
Our long-lost little one in Rosa's garden,
And hastened to return to Alicante
With the glad tidings. And she told Mateo
That when she looked upon the child it seemed
As though she saw again the beauteous bride
Fernando Gomez brought, in bygone years,

To the Segura forest, for her eyes
Were Eva's eyes. Mateo crossed the seas
To Genoa. With deep anxiety
We there awaited the intelligence
Ines might send. How fervent was our joy!
My father, deeply moved, could only murmur,
In the first overflow of gratitude,
'God will direct us—leave it all to Him—
He will direct us best—no plans, no plans—
But only thanks to-night from thankful hearts.'

"Next morning, with serene and calm composure,
My father told me that his fixed resolve
Was to re-enter Spain. With earnestness
Mateo would dissuade him from a step
So fraught with danger. But he smiled and said,
'I know my danger.' Then I said, 'Dear father,
That danger I must share.' Almost with tears,
Mateo now implored us to refrain
From thus imperilling our own—from thus
Imperilling each others lives. 'The risk
Is great,' he said, 'to either; but if both
Enter together, 'tis a certainty
That you will never see the child you seek
With so much ardent and intense desire.'
After long conference, we framed the plan
Which we pursued. And my beloved father

Travelled as humble shepherd with a flock,
Through Spain to Cordova, and sought you out
At Mangonegro. When I was assured
That he was safe with you at Torreveas,
I joined myself to Ines and her people.
And they were happy days, those summer days,
Upon the plain together! Well you loved
The dear old shepherd, though you little knew
The precious link, child of his gentle Eva,
Child of our hearts, that drew us thus to you."

I fell upon her neck with many a fond
Endearing word of love; then I exclaimed,
'But was there cause, dear Sara, was there cause
For wrapping everything in mystery?
Why so mistrust me as to hide from me
That I was Eva's child and Esteban's?
Why was I doomed to think it was the blood
Of that hard, selfish man, that filled my veins?
And that the loving and beloved were strangers
With whom I had no rightful sympathies?
How could you coldly hide yourselves from me?
Nay, Sara, nay, that single tear reproves me
You have done what you could. You ventured all
That you might come to me to cherish me.
I ask not why there was a mystery.'

"You were a child. Even now your years are few.
As yet you know not—may you never know
The fearful pressure on the suffering brain,
When danger menaceth the one we love;
When but one word—but one unwary look,
Or one unguarded action, may be death.
We knew too well the withering blight that marred
And chilled the healthful play of your affections;
We knew the word that would have called them forth,
Waking within your heart the sacred flame
Of filial devotion. And that word
Might have proved fatal. You were closely watched;
And the discovery of that near tie,
Expressed in acts or words, or looks or tears,
Might have proved fatal. Then my father felt,
Because you were so young, averse to aught
That might entangle you in the proscription
From which we suffered. We could not explain
Why we were under ban as heretics,
Unless we entered on that controversy.
We could not justify our simple creed
Without impugning the malpractices
And superstitions of these evil days.
We shrunk from aught that might imperil you,
By leading you to cast your lot with us.
And we were in the wrong. I know it now.

We acted wrongly and unfaithfully
By you. Our duty, our high privilege
It was to hold the scales, and bid you choose
The Word of life, or all the fair domain
Of the De Solis family. We shrank—
For you we shrank—from perilling your estate,
And we were in the wrong.

XVI.

" You never saw our home in Murcia,
Its terraces and groves. You never saw
The vale of Orihuela. God hath lavished
His choicest gifts on that enchanting scene—
A land of corn and oil, and of all fruits
The garden. There the orange and the vine,
The dark pomegranate, and the mulberry,
Are mingled with the richly clustering palm.
'Tis a delightsome land. The varied hue
Of plant and herb, of blossom, fruit, and flower,
The varied tint of leaf—It must be seen.
The eye, and not the ear, must drink it in—
Language would fail to represent the beauty,
The blent and varied beauty that adorns
The vale of Orihuela. Could the scene
Be still enhanced by some magician's art,
There shall you find that which enhances it
More than the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
For all this rich profusion in the vale
Is spread beneath the range of lofty mountains
That raise on either side their rocky barrier:
Sternly magnificent in gloomy grandeur,

Their origin of fire is chronicled
From age to age upon their cloven ridges
And arid steeps, as lifeless and as sere,
As when the molten flood of burning lava
First coursed adown their scorched and withered sides.
Touch but the plain, all verdure blooms again.
Touch but the plain, all nature lives again.
There's music in the air of singing birds;
There's music in the rippling of the waters;
There's music in the fields of reapers' voices;
Waking the music of the heart, to join
The universal choir in song and praise.
Such is our fair possession, yours and mine,
And it has been our ruin.

" Hark! my child!
There be that covet our inheritance;
And we have been pursued these fourteen years;
The persecutor weaves his meshes still;
He has a hold on us unknown to you:
But if you knew it, you would say with me,
Part with the fair domain and purchase rest.
What say you, Mariquita, are you willing
To part with all we have, our home, our lands,
The gardens and the groves in Orihuela,
And face the bleak, inhospitable world,
As strangers upon earth? With free, light step,

We then may undertake life's pilgrimage.
The burdens we shall bear how light they'll be,
And there's a blessing waiting us beyond."

I answered, with a smile, 'Esteban's book
Tells of a better land than Oriheula—
A land where no more pain and no more sorrow
Shall be—a land where God shall wipe away
The tear from every eye: there we shall meet
Those who are gone before, to part no more.'

"But who shall guide us to that better land?"
I laid my hand upon the holy book.
'Thy word shall be a lamp to guide our feet;
Thy word a light to shine upon our path.'
"Now God us aid to walk in His own light,"
Sara exclaimed. "His promises are sure;
Cast we our care on Him who cares for us,
And for the poorest of the humble poor."

The purpose of her heart she told me not,
Esteeming that I could not bear it then.
Anxiously through my illness she had watched
And waited—but no outburst of despair,
And no lament, no plaint escaped my lips.
I never named Anselmo; never named
My infant; so that Sara wondered oft

Whether the past were all a blank to me,
Rased from the tablets of my memory.
Once, and once only, ere she knew my state,
She had approached with gentle carefulness
The theme of my calamities and wrongs:
Then she discerned the truth, and that a cloud
Rested upon my mind and memory.
A nature womanly and delicate
Prompted at once, as if instinctively,
Her resolution not to tear aside
The veil, which haply God hath given, she said,
To hide from her the agonising past,
And spare her till the time of restitution.
The purpose which she had, but told me not,
Was to reclaim my child for me, by parting
With the De Solis lands in Orihuela.
There was no proof, but never did she doubt
Who was the spoiler; never did she doubt
But that Hunfredo was the perpetrator
Of that foul wrong, and for his own vile ends
Had robbed me of my child. He coveted
Possession of our lands. Sara was willing
To give him all, if he would but restore
My child to me. Therefore she had despatched
A messenger to Murcia for Mateo,
Counting on his assistance to promote

The purpose which she had so much at heart.
He had arrived, and waited her commands.

They met that day; Mateo urgently
Dissuaded her from such a sacrifice.
Sara was firm: the deed already drawn
Awaited signature; nor did she swerve
From her intention, but a blank was left,
Rather than name Hunfredo on the parchment,
Till the agreement yet to be enforced
For our behoof was duly ratified.
Mateo earnestly advised us so.
We signed it. He departed that same hour,
To travel with all speed to Cordova.
I knew not what a precious freight he bore,
Nor what a priceless purchase was in view.
After Mateo left, the Doctor came.
We valued much the visits of a friend,
So kind and good, so courteous and so pleasant.
He cheered our spirits with his lively talk,
News of the day, or stories of the past.
This day he entertained us with the adventures
Of one he called a quack, a charlatan,
Impostor, fanfarron, and picaro.
The rogue, he said, had had the impudence
To fix his quarters in the very street

In which for twenty years he had not known
A rival. He professed to cure and heal
All of whatever ailment they were seized,
By drenching them with water inwardly,
And dousing them with water outwardly;
And to Don Juan Aguado's water-cure
Resorted all the weaker sort in crowds,
To be half drowned. He turned the showers of water
To showers of gold. But now that alchemy
He hoped to stop. Don Tomas Rioseco,
His pupil, and a native of La Mancha,
Would open, in a house just opposite,
His temperance establishment: observe,
In all things temperate—especially
In the use of water. He would take high ground:
" Man was no camel, with an extra stomach—
Man was no long-necked animal to stoop
And drink up ponds and streams. What was the draught
Which nature had provided? Was it not
That which the hollow of the hand could hold?
What the ablution nature had provided?
Surely the morning and the evening dew.
Take yet a lesson from the history
Of nations. Where was now the Saracen?
Where now the overwhelming hosts of Islam?
Where now the power of the Mahommedan?

Effete, decayed, destroyed, washed out, I say.
They built their worship upon vain ablutions
And washings, which have sapped their strength and manhood.
They melt away, unstable as the element
On which they base the rites of their false creed.
These soakings, gulpings, dousings, plungings, drenchings,
They are not natural, nor Catholic,
Nor Spanish. Let me tell you, Señoras,
We want an Inquisition that shall nip
Such heresies in the bud."

This ebullition
Elicited a smile. Sara remarked,
That if the Inquisition were a shield
Against religious error, it was clear
An Inquisition would be found of use
To stay all heresy in medicine.
But first, since Doctors differ, 'twould be well
To bind fast in indisputable lines
The science and the rules of medicine.
The Doctor gravely intimated doubts
If that were possible, but hinted slily
That Doctors of Religion had been known
To differ also. Then he whispered low,
"We are on dangerous ground."

There was a pause,
Till Sara said, "I pray you to be frank,
And tell us of the danger you allude to."
"Nay," said the Doctor, "be not you alarmed.
There's little questioning within these walls.
The chief Inquisitor died yesterday.
He was well gone in years. He exercised
His office mildly, and they say there's hope
Of a humane successor, for 'tis thought
The policy of the Church is to relax,
In this most favoured land, the stringency
Of the Inquisition. But in the interval,
And ere a chief Inquisitor be chosen,
There may be wild work done, for there are men
In that same holy office, underlings,
That fear not God nor man. It may be well
To shut our mouths, and keep the door of our lips,
Until we see the issue of these changes."

The Doctor took his leave of us. And now
A hurried knock—a hurried step we heard.
The door flew open; Ines entered in.
"The officers," she cried, "are in the city.
Sara, you must escape, give me your veil,
And take my cloak and hood, I will remain
With Mariquita. At the southern gate
You will find one you know—Gaspar is there.

Fear not for Mariquita; I have planned
Her rescue, but she cannot ride with you.
Escape as if you heard the bloodhound's note
Pursuing." Ines almost forced her forth,
And then returned to sit by me. "As yet,"
She said, "I hear no tramp of horses' feet,
But we shall have the horsemen presently."
She made a sign to me enjoining silence,
And veiled herself. Slow stealing came the tread
Of men across a floor. I seemed to hear
Their breathing; and a secret panel door
Was drawn aside. Into the room there strode
Hunfredo and another—seemingly
A brother priest. At once with eager hand
They seized the book which lay upon the table—
Esteban's book. "Here is a prize, indeed,"
Exclaimed Hunfredo. "Here you have embalmed
The odour of De Solis' sanctities.
He was a holy man, as these Señoras
Can tell you;" and he looked into my face.
I answered, 'Esteban, my friend ,was kind
And good to me; he was a holy man,
If so it might be said of any man.'
"And this his book, Señora; it contains
True doctrine, holy doctrine, doth it not?"
'It is the Word of God.' "Enough, enough.
Do not blaspheme, Señora. You have answered.

You are my prisoner. We may now proceed
To pay our bounden duty to the lady
Who sits so silent by your side. Señora,
Please to remove your veil. * * Clara de Solis!
Remove your veil." Ines sat motionless,
As though she heard not. Suddenly arose
Hunfredo, and with rude unmanly hand,
Tore from her face the veil, and at a glance
Discovered the deceit. "Whom have we here?"
He cried. "Accursed hag! but you shall suffer
For this in every joint—in every nerve."
He struck her as he spoke.

The scene was frightful—
The passion of Hunfredo—the grim sneer
Of the tall Priest, on whose repulsive features
Ferocity and cruelty were stamped
In every line. Ines alone was calm;
But as she rose, and the dark coils of hair
Hunfredo's hand had loosed, hung serpent-like
Around her features, and a strange wild light
Shot through her gleaming eyes, instinctively
The men drew back as if they shrank from her.
She moved towards Hunfredo. As she gazed
Into his face, the expression of her eye
Changed from defiant scorn into a look
Of interest intense, as one absorbed.

*

She turned to me and said, "You need not fear him,
His thread is spun. They lick their hungry lips
For him. And they will lick their bloody lips
When the moon is full." "And ere the moon is full
I'll burn you for a witch," Hunfredo cried.
"But we are fools to bandy words with her.
The bird is flown, and we must after her,
Friend Nicolas. Doubtless, she has escaped
In trappings furnished by this prophetess
With the dishevelled hair. Away, my brother,
Pursue the game while yet the scent is fresh,
We know your relish for this kind of chase."

Lurcher-like, he went out: but happily
Time had been gained. Hunfredo turned to me:
"You will come with me to Madrid; prepare
Yourself for travelling." Ines interposed,
"Produce your warrant for removing her."
Hunfredo laughed. "The book I have in hand
Is worth a hundred warrants. But my friend
Who apprehended her hath ample powers."
"Nay," answered Ines, "I can vouch for it,
He spoke no word, and laid no hand on her.
And he is gone, so let us see your warrant."
"Force is my warrant," he replied, and seized
My wrist, and would have dragged me to the door,
But Ines from her garter drew a knife,

And offered at his throat. He stood at bay,
Uncertain how to act. When, roused and frightened
By the angry voices that resounded far,
The matron entered, and her servants with her,
Demanding an account of the intrusion
Of strangers, and the reason of the tumult.

Ines said, quietly, "By the request
Of her who nursed her, I am here. The Priest
Can answer for himself, while we withdraw;
For the Señora suffers in the presence
Of one who dared unmanly violence.
He struck me on the breast, and wrenched her wrist,
But hath no vestige of authority
For meddling with the inmates of this house."

We sought the inner room in which I slept.
Ines said, "Summon all your fortitude.
The Priest will doubtless go for alguacils,
And hale you to the Inquisition dungeons.
I have a potion. Have you courage for it?
For six-and-thirty hours it will have power
To stretch you as one dead. 'Ines,' I said,
'If it should hide me in the silent tomb
Till the new morning of eternal day,
Better the hand of death than of these men.'
She held a vial to my lips. A chill,

A creeping chill, crept through my curdling veins—
A deathlike torpor paralysed my limbs.
She hurried from the room, crying aloud,
"Haste! she hath taken poison! she is dying!"
I heard them enter. As they gazed at me,
I felt her close my eyes, straighten my limbs,
And bind my face.

XVII.

As from a trance, a dreamless sleep, I woke.
How dreadful is the place! How dark! how silent!
Nor ray, nor star, nor vaulted arch of heaven,
But only gloom! A shadow on the wall—
The flickering of the wing of bat or owl
Were a relief. Where have they carried me?
The dew of night is moist upon my brow.
In vain I make the endeavour to arise.
Hath cold benumbed my feet? Or are they bound
And swathed around in dank and clinging garments?
And am I numbered with the silent dead?

At length a light—a feeble glimmering light—
It may be but the glow-worm on the grass.
It moves—moves hitherward. And now I hear
Voices of men. They come and gather round me.
"Why have they brought her here?" the foremost asks.
And he is answered, "We are strictly charged
To question nothing, since the talking tongue
Is oftener a blister than a salve."

And then one said, " She died but yesternight;
And when they brought her here, a flush and bloom,
Like life, were on her cheek and on her lips."
Another said, " Belike they crimsoned them.
But never saw I yet, nor dead nor living,
So beautiful a maid." And then he turned
The lamp he held full on my face. I moved
My lips to speak. " Jesu Maria, shield us!"
He cried, with voice all tremulous. The lamp
Dropped from his hand—he fled. With mingled prayers,
And cries, and oaths, his comrades followed him.

Some one moved near me. Whispering low, a voice
Bade me take courage now, for all was well.
'Twas Ines' voice; and she unbound my limbs,
And, aided by another, bore me out;
Saying to me, " 'Tis but a mile to walk,
And Father Pablo, who is our good friend,
Will help to carry you." The fresh night air
Revived me now. I said that I could walk.
Along a mountain path they led me on,
Higher and higher, resting here and there,
Till on a slope before us, in the moonlight,
We saw the white walls of the Convent shine,
Even as a beacon. " We are near," said Ines.
" You will have every kindness shown you here,
And for a time 'tis your best place of refuge."

We knocked repeatedly, ere we were heard.
Then—for I now was faint—they laid me down
Before the Convent gate. The good old Priest
Carefully wrapped me in his own warm cloak,
To shield me from the keen and cutting wind.
We knocked again, and lights began to sparkle
From many a casement. We were heard at last;
And there was rapid hurrying to and fro.

As fluttered doves with eager wing fly forth
From every window of the startled dovecot,
So from their cells the nuns came flocking out;
And when they saw me lying at the gate,
As one that hovered between life and death,
Compassion filled their eyes and overflowed
In copious showers; their piteous voices told
How tender and how true their sympathy.
They bore me in their arms; they brought me food;
They brought me generous wine; they chafed my hands;
They comforted my heart with kindest words,
And said I must abide with them alway,
To be to them a sister well-beloved.
I still recall their loving kindnesses
With much affection. Their simplicity
Was like the sweet simplicity of childhood;
Nor had their life of rigorous seclusion
Deprived them altogether of communion

With a superior mind, nor shut them up
To mere routine. The Convent was endowed
For thirty orphans by the fostering hand
Of one whose name was never named by them
But with some tribute of deep reverence
And love. "Had you but come to us," they said,
"But one day sooner, here you would have found
Doña Cecilia. And when she is with us,
We are the happiest Convent in the world."

A novice, youngest of the sisterhood,
Lay dying in the room adjoining mine.
As health returned to me, and from the grave
And gate of death I passed to life again,
So faded that poor child passing away.
Bitter the thought, and bitterly I wept,
To think of her being carried from our sight,
And from the gentle ministering hands
That smoothed her couch, and from the cheerful sunshine,
To that dark vault. A young Asturian
Was she. Her father was an officer.
He took her to Madrid—so beautiful
His child, he reckoned on her marrying,
So as to further his ambitious views.
But there were footprints on the yellow sands
Of a sequestered creek—true, the next tide
Surged over them, and you would find next morn

No vestige—As the winds whose wings are swift
Retain no record, no enduring trace,
Of lovers' sighs and lovers' vows that float
At evening through the channel of the air.
They pledged their vows, they told their tale of love—
Not to the shifting sands or idle winds—
They wrote them on the tablets of the heart,
When Marcos to his Ester pledged his faith,
And Ester to her kinsman pledged her love,
On the Asturian shore. Her heart is there,
Where last they parted. Never will she be
Another's. But she pines and wastes away.
Her father tells her she is only fit
To be a nun. She meekly bows her head,
And acquiesces. One desire has Ester—
To see her mother ere she die. The wish
Grows stronger, as the waning lamp of life
Is going out; now it becomes a hope,
And then the sanguine hope grows till she dreams
She sees her mother sitting by her side.
'Twas in that happy dream her spirit passed.
The letter that she wrote was found—her fancy
Had winged a messenger to carry it
To her Asturian home—but it was found
Under her pillow after she was gone.

ESTER'S LETTER.

1.

My mother! I am passing on—
    It may be rapidly—
To a land where sorrow is unknown,
    And no more pain shall be.
I have no wish to linger here,
Nor dread to know that death is near,
    For death will set me free
From pain that wastes my feeble frame—
From secret griefs I will not name.

2.

My mother! ere I seek that rest
    On yonder distant shore,
I ask—it is my last request—
    To see your face once more—
Once more to see your smile, and lie
In the calm light of your soft blue eye,
    And all its love explore.
I count the pulses of my breast,
And all prefer the same request.

3.

My sister nuns are kind to me—
    Their kindnesses abound;

But there's a still formality,
And an unvarying round.
The same low voices, like a chant,
In one unbroken mournful plaint,
Fatigue me with the sound.
And the same white walls that meet the eye
Too much resemble vacancy.

4.

And my heart, it yearneth wistfully
For my own native land;
Once more to behold the dark blue sea
Roll to the golden sand
Its crested billows; and once more
To gather shells upon the shore,
And pebbles on the strand;
Where the sea-bird, with its cry so wild,
Made music I loved when I was a child.

5.

My little room—for I call it mine—
Is it pretty as before?
The roses and the jessamine,
Climb they high above the door,
Up round the lattice clustering?
And my canary, does he sing
As sweetly as of yore?

And to my finger will he come,
And to my call, when I come home?

6.

Are these, my thoughts, too light and vain?
My mother! then give ear.
I do not wish to cause you pain,
But I shrink from dying here:
I shrink from the dark, cold vault of the dead,
Where the nuns, each one in her shroud, are laid;
That vault so dank and drear.
Let me lean once more upon your breast,
And gently pass to my last long rest,

7.

Holding your hand. And lay me where
The sun shines warm and bright;
You will come sometimes to rest you there,
In the pleasant evening light,
Recalling bygone hours.
And there's one I know will bring fresh flowers,
And a wreath time cannot blight:
He will lay a garland of *immortelle*
On the grave of her he loved so well.

XVIII.

As tranquil day succeeded tranquil day,
My health and strength returned. Some weeks had passed
Since little Ester died. I sat, as wont,
One morning with the Abbess in her room,
When she was summoned to an interview
At which I was invited to assist,
For Father Pablo was our visitor.
"Now God be praised," he said, as we appeared.
"God's holy name be praised, I bring good news.
Impending trouble I had greatly feared,
For there were secret lurkers hereabouts,
Whose look I liked not. But to-day a post
Brings us good tidings. We have now a friend
In power. Who shall be chief Inquisitor
Is undecided. But the holy Pontiff
Hath issued a commission, and our brother
And friend, Ignacio, hath received a fiat
Commissioning him to administer
The affairs of the Inquisition, while the Church
Weighs evenly the merits of her servants
Ere the appointment be fulfilled. And now

Shall honest men look up and rogues look down.
For while Ignacio holds the sacred office,
The poorest and the weakest in the land
Will have a friend on whom they may rely
For justice—simple, even-handed justice.
Señora, by your leave, we will rejoice.
Your foes shall bite the dust; he will restrain
Their malice; he will forge an iron ring
To cramp the nose of every one of them."

And then with many quaint felicitations,
The worthy Priest, beside himself with joy,
Saluted me. When he had taken leave,
And we alone again, the Abbess said,
" We have, indeed, much cause for thankfulness
Of heart. But you will better understand
Why the good Father so exceedingly
Rejoices, when I tell you that the friend
Whose elevation to so high an office
He hails with such enthusiastic zest
Is brother of our admirable friend,
Doña Cecilia, and they have been
Our constant benefactors. Utterly unlike
Are they. For she has every lowly grace.
He—but I almost fear to speak of him—
He looks you through and through, and every eye
Must quail before his eye. But his high pride,

His terrible impetuosity
And passion, he controls for love of her.
Cecilia leads him with a silken cord
Of love. But you have never seen Cecilia.
How do you like her picture?"

She unclasped
A locket. At a glance I recognised
The noble features and the dark soft eye
Of one—She was to come to me—vain dream!
I never saw her, and she never came.
What had I done? What was my fault—my guilt?
Or was it all a dream? A painful spasm
Shot through my brain. The kind Superior saw
The flush upon my brow. She gently stooped
To kiss me; and spoke soothingly to me.
"You are still weak, my child; could you but breathe
The mountain air upon the upper heights,
And have more freedom, and society
A little less sedate than ours, I think
You would recover better. I will write
To a dear friend, and we will see to it."

Another week passed by. As wont, I sat
With the kind Abbess in her morning room.
Visitors were announced. We heard their step
Along the corridor. They entered in;

A tall, dark man, in simple riding dress,
Such as is worn by churchmen; but his bearing,
His easy grace, and courtesy of manner,
Were such as would become the highest rank,
The purest lineage, and best blood of Spain.
He led by the hand a little girl, a child
Whose speaking smiles, perpetually playing
Upon her lips, like pleasant rays of light,
Bespoke the sunshine of a joyous heart.
But never smile illumined his calm features.
Nothing could there be read—nor joy nor grief,
Nor love nor hate, nor anger nor emotion,
Till the dark eye revealed the inner man.
Then you might see, as in a blaze of light,
The passions all at work. He spoke to me,
As one who took an interest in me,
Kindly and thoughtfully; and in my hand
He placed the hand of her he led, and said,
"Do you think you could be friends?" When our eyes met,
Mine and the child's, he waited not our answer,
But answered for us, "Yes, you will be friends.
Your eyes have spoken. Marvellously well
Do maidens use their eyes to tell their thoughts.
Wittier, doubtless, is the tongue; but better
The language of the eyes. How excellent,
To found an order and a sisterhood,

Framed by that rule—strict silence for the tongue,
Free converse with the eyes. Would it not be
A perfect order and a perfect rule,
Perfecting womanhood?" The Abbess smiled,
And said, "But first you must find perfect beings
To enter your new order. We, who talk,
Are spoiled already for your perfect rule."
He bowed and said, "You have convicted me;
I must begin with ruling mine own tongue,
Since I have spoken foolishly. And now
The purport of my visit, gracious madam,
I will declare. Lola requires a run
Among the hills for air and exercise,
To gather roses, some to deck her hair,
And some to paint her cheeks, and some for me.
And here I find a friend—for they are friends
Even now—to ramble with her through the hills;
I have engaged a trusty guide for them,
Good Father Pablo, and he is to find
A pony to assist them as they need.
And Lola, you will be obedient.
Madam, you must not spoil her; Mariquita,
You must not spoil her. I am training her
Under a single law, the best of laws,
Simple unquestioning obedience."
He turned his earnest eyes upon the child
And met her smiling eyes as she exclaimed,

"How happy we shall be, how very happy,
And my Padrino loves to see me happy."
The tall dark man looked down; but as he bent
His eyes upon the ground, a glance revealed
The wondrous tenderness of those dark eyes.
The well is deep, not every one shall draw;
But underneath that calm exterior,
Under the fortalice of that firm brow,
Under the rock, there is a fountain clear
And a perennial flow, a living stream
Of tenderness—of loving tenderness—
Passing the love of women. Quietly
He raised his eyes again, bade us adieu,
And told the Abbess that, with her permission,
He would be pleased to see the orphan school.
He bowed with formal courtesy to me
As he withdrew; and Lola kissed his hand,
Then placed her little hand again in mine.

Free was our life—free as the mountain air
We breathed. And Father Pablo never failed
To bring the pony daily, and propose
To climb some hill we had not yet ascended,
Or see some glen we had not yet explored.
All was so new to Lola, every plant
And every tiny flower such a delight,
It shed a charm upon the scene; a charm

That could not but revive the heart, to see
The fresh and happy nature of the child
Expand as in a new-created world—
A Paradise just opened to her view.
What was her history? She was the child
La Niña, for no other name had she,
La Niña de la Inquisicion.
Who were her parents? Nobody could tell.
Father Ignacio had adopted her:
He called her Lola; and in one short week
Lola and her Padrino were as though
She had been born his own. But he had fears;
Her spirit, ardent to intensity,
Lodged in so delicate a frame; her eyes
Seemed so unnaturally bright, he feared
Lest still the Inquisition, its grim walls,
And iron gates, should claim her for a prey.
Hence the first lessons he devised for her,
To run, to ride, to climb the mountain height,
And breathe the fresh invigorating air.

Thus for a month we roamed; then came a change.
Winter set in. The heights were cold; the winds
Were like the winds of the Guadarrama,
So subtle as to extinguish life or e'er
The flame that flickers in the lamp expires.
Lola must go; an early day was fixed

For her return. She spoke of going home,
And asked me whether I were going home.
'Child,' I said bitterly, 'I have no home.'
Lola looked up at me, her large eyes filled
With tears; she took my hand. "Then promise me
To come with me, and make your home with me;
And the Padrino will be kind to you.
I am to have a room, the prettiest room
In all the house. Promise me, you will come
And stay with me."

'The child of the Inquisition
Would share her home, would share her room with me.'
And Father Pablo smiled approvingly,
And told me that for Lola's sake and mine,
Father Ignacio would be greatly pleased
To see me.

At that time he said no more,
But afterwards, when Lola was below us
Gathering moss, he added,

"You may go
With confidence; he takes an interest
In you. He is your friend; the best you have
In Spain. To cheer you he sent Lola here;
He can and will protect you. I believe

It was to save you from the evil horde
Of villains that he undertook the office,
And now administers the Inquisition.
He pledged himself to show that infidels
And heretics were creeping into power,
And using as a tool for their vile ends
The sacred office. His capacity
And talents are so great, his probity
So valued, that he readily obtained
The post he asked for. 'Tis a vantage ground
Of vast importance. At the present time
A very delicate and subtle hand
Is needed for the affairs of Holy Church,
Whose yoke our friends beyond the Pyrenees
Have broken from their necks. A milder rule
Has been our policy; but there were knaves
Who took advantage of that milder rule,
And were a terror to the good. Ignacio
Is handling well that horde of thieves. They say
That two of them have gone to their account,
And none too soon; for one of them had wreaked
His vengeance on a lad—one that you know.
Gaspar—the same—the little Cordovan—
Yes, that is he. A gallant lad; he rescued
Important papers from their greedy hands.
But he is sorely crippled—sorely hurt.
You'll find him at Madrid. To see your face

Will be the best of cordials to the boy.
Often he says he thinks that he should mend,
Could he but see your face."

'Nay, urge it not,
Good Father, for I need not to be urged.
Gladly with Lola will I go, and make
My home with her, and ask permission there
To nurse poor Gaspar. And the tall, dark man,
Lola's Padrino, he is kind to her,
And for her sake, he will be kind to me.'

Thus we conversed, and now the Convent walls
To which so soon we were to bid farewell
Admitted us once more. Nor did I leave
The simple kindly nuns without regret,
Nor without tears did Lola say adieu,
When father Pablo summoned us to go.
But the clear morning air, the pleasant road
Through farms and villages, the wayside greetings,
And, as we neared Madrid, the gaiety
And life and movement of the shifting scene
Revived our spirits. And the childish glee
Of Lola freed my mind from boding fears.
The Inquisition was to be my home,
And not my prison—Father Ignacio

My host and not my gaoler. As the friend
Of Lola, I should have companionship
Most sweet. Yet not without a sense of awe
I entered, holding Lola by the hand,
That gloomy portal.

XIX.

Passing along through vaulted passages
We entered, by a strongly grated door,
A private range of building. Quickly sped
Lola before me to embrace her nurse,
And then returned to lead me by the hand,
Telling me that my room was all prepared,
Next to her own; and that the kind Padrino
Had given orders to construct a door
Of access, opening from room to room.
There was an ante-chamber opposite,
And a large, airy sitting-room beyond.
All the arrangements made for us evinced
Kind forethought and refined solicitude.
That evening, I received a courteous note.
Father Ignacio would wait on me
If I were so disposed. I sent him word
I should be happy to receive his visit.
He welcomed me with kindness as he entered,
And many a fond caress bestowed on Lola.
Then placed her on his knee and bade her tell
All that had happened since the day they parted.
And he sat listening to her anecdotes

As if no interest was comparable
To Lola's innocent and childish prattle.

Ere we retired to rest, a message came
To ask me to see Gaspar. The poor boy
Was sunk in stupor. They had tried all means,
But all in vain, to rouse him, and they feared
Lest he should die that night. I went at once
And spoke to him. It was the turning point.
He knew my voice, and smiled, and looked at me.
I gave him food; he took it from my hand,
And said, "Now all the pain, and ten times more,
I'd bear again to see your face to-night.
I said that Mariquita was alive.
I said I would return and seek for her
Until I found her. It is come to pass
Just as I said, and I am happy now.
But I have much to tell you, my Señora.
And I will tell you all, if you can wait
Only till I get breath, for seeing you
Has taken away my breath." I said, 'Dear friend,
Lay your head down, and I will sit by you.
You must not speak, not yet, for you are weak.
But let me smooth your pillow. Take my hand,
And I will sit beside you till you sleep;
I will not leave you, Gaspar.' Gratefully
He smiled, and lay looking at me, till sleep

Stole on his eyelids, and they drooped and closed.
I watched him through the night, and when he woke,
And saw me sitting by his side, he smiled,
Quietly closed his eyes, and slept again.

When morning came, I helped to dress his wounds;
So fearfully and cruelly his limbs
Were cut by cords with which they had been bound,
That skin and flesh came sloughing from his feet,
And little hope appeared that the poor boy
Could ever walk again. He seemed to read
My thoughts, and said, "Be of good cheer, Señora;
I and my Jaca, we have four feet left,
And there is no such Jaca in all Spain."
The gallant boy—his spirit never flagged—
As he recovered, his anxiety
To tell his story could not be repressed.
Permission being given, it was thus
I had it from his lips:

"Señora, know
That when I lay behind the wood that night,
And heard the Priests converse, I told not all
To Sara; but I made it known to Ines,
That 'twas agreed that Nicolas next day
Should travel to Toledo, and report
Your death, as soon as he should ascertain

That of a certainty your span was measured.
And Ines bade me watch the watcher well
Till I should hear from her again. She came
Some ten days afterwards, to take my place,
And to abide near Sara; me she sent
Home to the Hermitage, to watch Hunfredo.
Señora, I was often there. Good right
Had I. My stores were there before he came.
I never troubled him. But, as you know,
The vaults were rather better known to me
Than to Hunfredo; and being posted now
As sentinel, I set my wits to work
To do my duty handsomely. A search
I made one day—the Priest was on the plain—
Resulted in a grand discovery.
You know the narrow passage—that by which,
When Esteban was buried, you escaped—
That passage has another secret branch
That leads to a small cell, and there I found
An aperture through which I could observe
And hear what passed in the Priest's private room.
'Ha!' I exclaimed, 'you shall confess to me
Your villanies, O Priest. Here is my post,
Next time your coadjutor, Nicolas,
Comes to enlighten us.' And being bound
To keep a good look out, I had a code
Of signals, so that whilst I slept, my mother

Kept watch for me. And thus it was, Señora,
That when in haste, one evening, Nicolas
Appeared with news of the discovery
That you were nursed by one he hoped to claim
For stake and faggot, I assisted there
At that same conference; while Nicolas
Rested an hour to sup and feed his horse,
I hastened to a shepherd's hut, where tethered
I kept the Jaca. Now, there's not a horse
In Spain that could have beat them but the Jaca.
They had relays, and yet the Jaca beat them
Into Toledo, with an hour to spare.
There I saw Ines, and she planned with me
Sara's escape. You know how speedily
The Priest was in pursuit; you know not yet
How he was baffled. At a lone cabaña,
Not half-a-league from the Toledo walls,
Ines had friends, and Sara hid herself
With them till nightfall; and I dressed myself
In Ines' cloak and hat which Sara wore,
And rode for the Sierra, making sure
That one of them would soon be on my track.
Nor had I gone a league before I heard
The hoofs of the pursuer on the road.
I looked behind, and then, as one alarmed,
I urged the Jaca to its utmost speed,
And fled. I knew he could not overtake me;

But once upon the trail I had no doubt,
Like sleuth-hound, he would try to hunt me down.
Thus I should lead him on to follow me,
While Sara waited in the lone cabaña
For Ines. I rode warily, tó save
The little Jaca—fast enough to task
The failing powers of my pursuer's steed.
I heard him blowing like a broken pipe;
I heard him blundering along the road
Till he could only walk, and in his walk
Went stumbling. Then I gaily cantered on
To feed my little Jaca at a venta.
There is not such a Jaca in all Spain.
Señora, shall I ever ride a course
Like that again upon my little Jaca?
We rested at the venta till I saw
My sallow friend come limping through the grey
Of morning; then I started at a gallop
To show what we could do. When the Priest saw
How little chance he had of catching me,
He stopped to rest and feed his jaded horse,
While I rode on to Peralvillo. There
I told the wondering host, who knew me well,
But stared at my disguise, that as he valued
The good opinion of the Countess Clara,
The Jaca must be duly fed and cared for
Till my return. If any should inquire

For me, he would report that I had gone
To the Guadiana for a morning bath.
So for a mile I sauntered down its banks,
Then stripping off my strange habiliments,
Forded the river, made for the Sierra,
Slept at the alqueria* of your friends,
Juan Lopez and his wife, and thence set out
At leisure and on foot to Cordova.

"There I remained to wait Mateo's coming—
Sara had charged me to await him there,
And tell him of her flight. On the third day
I sat on the look-out beyond the gate;
A string of mules approached; the arrieros*
Carried a litter; on the litter lay
Mateo. They had found him on the road,
Grievously stabbed with knives. They bound his wounds,
And brought him on with them to Cordova.
He beckoned me to follow to the inn,
Where, when they carried him, he sent for me,
And told me he had been beset by thieves,
Who robbed him. For the gold he little cared,
But there were parchments of the greatest value;
And he explained to me that they were signed
By you, Señora, and by Sara, vesting
Your lands in him; to give him certain powers

* Appendix A.

To act for you in an emergency.
' And now,' he said, ' I cannot write, but go
And seek my brother out. Tell him my loss:
Tell him the loss is rather his than mine,
Since I am willing to make over all
To him. Tell him to make all diligence
To track the men that robbed me, and regain
Possession of the parchments.'

" I set out
That evening for the Hermitage. The thought
That stuck to me that night at every step
As close as my own shadow, was the thought
That he who robbed Mateo of the deed
Was his own brother: and the impression grew
Stronger and stronger, and I felt convinced
Not only that Hunfredo was the thief,
But that Mateo knew it. Were it so,
And if it were Hunfredo that attempted
His brother's life—what a fool's errand mine!
'Twas clear Hunfredo never would believe
But that Mateo meant to overreach him;
And if the assassin's knife had failed for once
To reach Mateo's heart, another stroke
Might do the work, and make Hunfredo heir
Of the De Solis lands. The more I thought
The less I liked the errand. After dusk,

I asked two shepherds, who were on the plain,
Whether the Priest, Hunfredo, had been seen
Of late. They answered, he had passed that way
Only six hours before; another priest
Rode with him. And I asked who he might be.
They said a stranger with a slouching gait.
I thanked them, and I slackened now my pace,
Having no wish to reach the Hermitage
Till I could reckon on the lights being out.
I had a dangerous game, and it required
The utmost caution. It was after midnight
When I approached the gate. There was a light
Still burning feebly in Hunfredo's room.
I hid behind a buttress of the chapel,
Intent on watching. Presently the light
Was shifted; disappearing first, and then
Showing again, as now the door was opened;
And he came forth, and passed along the path
That leads from house to chapel. He went in,
And soon I heard him hard at work. I climbed
An ivy stem to gain a window sill;
And by the glimmering light of a small lamp
Set on the ground, I saw him, trowel in hand,
Removing tiles and scooping out the earth.
Then he looked stealthily around, and bent
Over the spot. But a still stealthier eye
Surveyed him. From behind another buttress,

I marked a figure glide, and gain the door
While still Hunfredo laboured to replace
The tiles with careful hand. He then withdrew
Softly, returning to the Hermitage.

"I could not hesitate. I climbed and entered
The western window, whence the glass was gone
To warm the kitchen of the Hermitage;
And the luxuriant ivy tresses formed
Convenient ropes and ladders for my use.
I groped my way to the altar, found the tiles,
Round which the mortar still was damp and soft;
Removed the pavement, with my knife for tool,
And struck an iron box. Piercing the ground,
I drew it out; and having got my prize,
I rose, uncertain whether to be gone,
Or to replace the tiles. Just then I heard
A step slow stealing—from the porch it came—
The figure of a man I dimly saw,
And threw myself along the altar steps.
Just as he reached them, with a sudden rush
Another man came on. The first turned round,
Recoiled, and stumbled on the broken ground.
They grappled man with man, like fighting dogs.
I heard the questions rapidly succeeding,
'What do you here?' and 'Who are you'—'and
you?'

You may believe, I tarried not to see
The play played out, but, creeping to the porch,
Was off. But I must reckon on pursuit—
So whither?—They will ride, no doubt, I thought.
Could I but reach the thickets of the soto,
I could defy a regiment of horsemen—
So to the soto. I had run a league—
A quarter league was all I had to make.
I was among the forest trees. The brushwood
Was near at hand, when in the wind I heard
The cry of wolves, and on the wings of the wind
They seemed to travel. Nearer still, and nearer,
Their cry. No safety in the thicket now.
I stood irresolute. An old oak tree
Stretched out its arms above, and I embraced
The shelter that it offered. Then I saw
What, if I live a thousand years, I hope
Never to see again. Señora, on
They came—two horsemen riding furiously,
A hungry pack of wolves close at their heels.
And as they neared the tree, I saw the attempt
Made by the rider of the fleetest horse—
I saw the attempt he made to shoot ahead
Foiled by the other, who, with sudden grasp,
Seized the loose rein, just as the rider shook it,
Jerking the horse's mouth. With the other hand—
A practised hand it was that dealt the blow—

He drew a knife, and gave the fatal stab,
Piercing the spinal marrow, and the horse
Dropped dead; and fearful was the cry that broke
From those impassioned lips, as horse and man
Came crashing to the ground. I knew the voice.
It was Hunfredo's voice. And he that stabbed
With treacherous hand his horse—I knew him too.
I knew the stooping carriage, the loose seat,
The swing of arms and legs, the stealthy look—
It was the Priest, Señora, that I foiled
The night I led him such a chase. That Priest,
I have my notion as to him, Señora;
He hath a human form, or nearly so.
But if on earth there ever was a fiend
In human form, 'tis he; for such a crime,
So black a crime, so foul a treachery,
Was never known. I saw him ride away.
I saw the wolves spring at Hunfredo's throat.
They dragged him down, and tore him limb from limb;
A bloody carnival they held that night,
Then licked their jaws, and lifting up their heads
Howled to the moon. At length, the grisliest
Of all the pack began the chase again
Upon the track of that demoniac Priest
That sacrificed his comrade; and the rest,
Joining the cry, went off upon the trail.

"Now I began to breathe again, and now

Relaxed my hold; for I had seized a branch,
And held it with a grasp as desperate
As if my life depended on the force
With which I clutched it, as I sat aloft,
Frozen with fear. But now that I could breathe,
Another train of thought beset me sore.
That fearful man—how swift and sure the chase
He gave. But for the wolves that hunted him,
He would have taken me. Whither shall I turn
For safety? How can I elude his search,
With such a mark to work by, if I carry
Hunfredo's box? Could I but open it—
Could I but venture to retrace my steps,
And search the Hermitage to get the key!
Then came the thought the search might be in vain.
It is more likely that he carried it
About him. And I left my airy perch,
Descending to the plashy slippery sward
Steeped with Hunfredo's blood, where scattered lay
Mangled remains of limbs and bones and hair,
And rags and remnants of his clothes and boots.
It was a horrid spectacle to see;
But I pursued the search, till in the moonshine
I saw the glistening of a silver chain.
It was a broken chain; so carefully
I searched around, and passed my hand around
Over the bloody grass; ere long I found
More of the chain, and close to it a key,

Quaint and old-fashioned, and it was the key
I was in search of; and the iron box
I opened and took out the deed, Señora—
The deed you signed conferring your estate,
And which Mateo's purpose was to offer
To that unfortunate whose fate it was
To perish in pursuing to the last
His evil course of robbery and wrong.
I placed the parchment in my breast. The box
I locked and left upon the ground; the key
I threw away. Then with all speed I made
For Torreveas, carrying the deed
Hid in my breast.

"The first pale streak of dawn
Lightened the sky before I reached the tower.
The door was open, so I entered in.
There sat the man—the fiend that smote the horse
And launched his brother man into the jaws
Of ravening wolves. He sat before the fire,
And nodded as I entered. Did he know me?
I looked at him and spoke not, but sat down,
Took my tobacco and a roll of paper,
Opened my knife, and quietly prepared
And smoked my cigarrillo. I could see
He watched me like a tiger; and I judged
That underneath the folds of that long cloak

Were instruments enough, and inclination
To use them. If he knew me, I should have
Before we parted some slight mention of
Hunfredo's iron box: and it might be
He waited for the opportunity
To question me where none might interfere.
But as he sat apparently asleep,
Or half awake, I heard a woman's step,
And presently Dolores greeted me,
For she is there, Señora, still in charge
At Torreveas. But she looked askance,
When her eye fell upon the sallow Priest—
In truth it was an evil countenance—
And when he bade her go and milk her goats,
And bring him a warm drink, because the air
Was chill and keen, she answered, in good time
He should be served, but first she'd hear my news.
The news I proffered was, that three days hence
I should return with every sort of stuff
And ware her slender garrison could need—
Trinkets and lace, tobacco, and salt fish—
In passing on to my good friends the monks.
Now while we reckoned what were the supplies
She might require, there joined us in the room
Pepe, the son of Ines, and I placed
My finger on my lips. The Priest observed
My movement, and to mock me did the same.

" As we sat silent by the fire, a sound
Arrested our attention; hoofs at speed—
A horse's hoofs at speed upon the plain.
Another minute, and with heaving flank
And drooping head he stands before the door.
Two youths, of aspect wild and manner wild,
Jump from his back. They have exciting news,
And, in the language of the Zincali,
Tell it with vehement gesticulation.

" Pepe's eye flashed upon the stranger Priest,
Who sat with calmest, coolest unconcern,
As Pepe scanned his evil countenance.
The youths stood staring with their filmy eyes.
Here is bad work, said Pepe. These two lads
Have found a man—what was a man last night—
The wolves have eaten him; and there his horse
Lies dead. But him the wolves have hardly touched;
The man they've eaten to the teeth. The lads
Looked to the track. The man was not alone;
There was another. And the horse that fell,
It was no wolf that stretched him on the sward.
The mark is there, behind the horse's ears,
Where hand and steel dealt fatally the stroke.
There was a quarrel, and the cause of quarrel—
We yet may know it, for an iron box
Lies on the bloody grass.

" Up rose the Priest,
And clasped his hands, lamenting, and cried out
' Alas ! my brother ! We were to have met
This morning at the ford. He was to bring
The iron box to me. Some murderer
Has overtaken him and laid him low.
My friends, I pray you guide me to the spot.
This boy will go with me. Alas ! alas !
My brother ! let me pay the last respect
To thy remains !' As one convulsed with grief,
He hid his face, rushed quickly to the door,
Passed to the court, and ere a word was spoken,
We saw him mounted, and away he rode—
The same long gallop, and the stealthy look
The same. ' But let him ride, he'll only find
The nutshell, not the nut. The nut is here,'
I said to Pepe, showing him the deed.
My night adventure, and Hunfredo's death,
Became the theme of much exciting talk.
Then we debated how to act. The deed
Was no safe cargo through the despoblados.
Pepe proposed to deal with it at once
By planting it among the glowing cinders.
But in debating it, we saw the danger
Of even seeming to conceal my part
In rescuing Mateo's property.
At last, it was agreed we should consult

The venerable Prior, and relate
All that had happened, openly to him.
Nor did we tarry. In our going down
To cross the ford, we saw upon the plain
A horseman watch us; but we were too many
For him to venture on or meddle with,
And in an hour we stood before the Prior.

" The good old man, amazed and horror-struck,
Said, 'Ah! Hunfredo drew it on himself.
But thus to die, unblessed and unabsolved!
'Tis terrible.' He then agreed to keep
The parchments, which we tendered to be lodged
For safety, till the owner should reclaim them,
And offered me a shelter and asylum,
Unless I judged, with those who came with me,
The soto to be safer, and the wolves
Pleasanter neighbours. I requested leave
To stay till nightfall, when I could return
To Cordova by bypaths known to me,
To tell Mateo of his brother's death,
And that the deed was safe.

" Alone I went
At midnight, and before the sun was risen,
I entered Cordova. Mateo lay
Still weak and suffering, so I said no more

Than that the parchments had been safely lodged
With my good friends the monks; for a full week
I said no more, and then I told him all;
Adding what I believed, and still believe,
That he who stabbed that horse would just as soon
Have stabbed the rider, had it suited him;
And that the parchments in the iron box
Would have sufficed, had I not taken them,
To seal Hunfredo's fate.

"Another week
Brought us intelligence of both our friends,
Sara and Ines. Into Portugal
They passed; and from Lisboa they proposed
To make the straits by sea, and place themselves
Under protection of the rock and fortress,
There to await Mateo. Then there came
A rumour, my Señora, of your death.
So when Mateo had recovered strength
To travel south, and was resolved to go,
Having a friendly escort for the road
As far as Seville, I, being free to choose,
Said I must needs return to Peralvillo,
To get my Jaca. Then he questioned me
If that were all, and I my purpose told
Of visiting Toledo, to inquire
For you, Señora. By the way I hoped
To see my mother.

" To the Hermitage
I went that night. There were the well-known lights,
And, strange to say, one in Hunfredo's room.
Cautiously I approached. Examining
The chestnut tree I found a danger signal
Nailed to the trunk: and now I had no doubt
Hunfredo's murderer was there—' he knows
The tie between us, and he lies in wait,
Counting on my affections drawing me
To cheer my mother in her solitude.
He knows no scruples. He would seethe the kid
Even in its mother's milk.' I made my mark,
To let my mother know I had been there,
And sped away.
" Away to the Sierra
I went, and rested but a few brief hours—
Here a chance sleep, and there a hasty meal,
As need required. Away through the Sierra,
Down to the Guadiana, and across
To Peralvillo. Were they all asleep,
That no one answered when I knocked that night?
I called aloud; the Jaca knew my voice,
And whinnied from his stall. The stable-door
I tried; it opened to my hand—nor bolt
Nor lock secured it; and I entered in.
The Jaca plunged to free himself. I ran
With joy to throw my arms around his neck.

"A hand that struck a chill into my blood
Was laid upon my shoulder. Instantly
My arms were pinioned, and my feet were bound.
My captors dragged me out, brought up a cart,
And laid me on it. As the cart moved off,
I heard a frantic struggle in the stable,
And then the Jaca bounded wildly forth,
Snorting with passion. I could feel its breath
Warm on my feet; so then I whistled low,
To soothe it; and it followed quietly.

"The driver of the cart spoke not a word.
The night was clear, and after us there rode
Two horsemen. One I knew. The man I knew.
Twice in the chase I had eluded him;
Now I was hunted down. The night wore on;
At length a halt to have the horses fed.
The horsemen beckoned to the man that drove me,
And when we yoked again to travel on,
I saw—though he was muffled to the mouth,
And the Sombrero* shaded all his face—
That he who took the reins was not the same.
Against the sky I marked his slouching form;
And as I lay I watched him as I'd watch
A serpent. He sat silent the first hour;
Then, without turning round, said jeeringly,

* Appendix A.

'You'd rather ride before me on the Jaca,
Than lie behind me in the cart, my friend.
Well, make your bargain. How much will you give
To be unbound, and mounted on the Jaca?
A hundred thousand—fifty thousand duros?
The iron box you stole so cleverly,
And robbed of its contents, that box was worth
A hundred thousand duros. Tell me, then,
Will you divide with me?' I answered him,
That there was nothing to divide: to me,
To him, the box and all that it contained
Was worthless. I would tell him nothing more.
'Then,' said the Priest, 'we will put on the screw.'
And as he spoke he tightened painfully
The cords that bound my feet, and with a sneer
Said that the choicest grape was valueless
Until a gentle pressure be applied,
And then it will exude its generous juice.
'So now, oh Cordovan! think well of it.
I give you time. Will you divide with me?'
I answered not; we travelled on awhile;
Then he got down and drew the cords again
Still tighter, and again he put the question,
'Will you divide with me?' And this he did
At intervals, until the pain and agony
Deprived me of sensation for a time.
But the last twist he gave, the ligature

Cut to the bone, and the free flow of blood
Relieved my bursting feet; and I replied,
'There is nothing to divide.'

"Now, as I spoke,
I heard a sound—the tread of many feet—
A sound of horsemen riding rapidly.
And as they overtook us, a cavalier
Shouted aloud, 'Ho! Master Nicolas,
Whom have you there with you?' 'A prisoner,
So please your grace.' 'A prisoner! a child
He seems to me. Why is he bound with ropes?
Is he alive or dead? Child, are you ill?
He is too ill to speak.' 'This child, your grace,
Hath given me the slip ere now; ay, twice.
It may be that the alguacils have drawn
The cords so tight as to make sure of him.'
'Ha! we will look to that. Lucas, dismount.
Inspect these cords. Good heavens! the savages!
The fiends! What wounds are these! So—tenderly—
Bind them with care. Thy skill in plastering
Serves a good turn; and now the boy looks better.
Señor Don Nicolas, resign these reins.
Of this your prisoner—this your weighty charge—
I do release you. Please to mount this horse—
You have your own! Then that is better still.
Ride forward, and give notice at my house

That at Aranjuez I lodge this day,
Having affairs of some importance there;
To-morrow you shall hear from me.'

" ' Your grace
Has only to command,' my captor said,
Low bending; and exchanged a parting glance
With him to whom he bent; the scrutiny,
Though brief was keen, for the Familiar's eye
Contracted till it scarcely could be seen,
But for the gleam that flashed and shot from it,
Or e'er it quailed and fell before that gaze,
That strangely mournful gaze. What he saw there
Boded, I trow, but ill for him. 'Tis said
He poisoned and destroyed himself that day.

" They bore me to Aranjuez, and cheered
My heart with news of you, and promised me
The Jaca should be cared for. And the hope
To see your face once more so heartened me,
I bore the journey well. But afterwards
I sickened, and too surely should have died,
But for the word you spoke that night, Señora—
' I will not leave you.' It was wine and oil;
It was new life to me—that gracious word—
' I will not leave you, Gaspar.' "

XX.

It was a charm, a medicine to Gaspar,
To tell him that as soon as he could ride,
Father Ignacio anxiously required
His services. He rallied rapidly.
I little knew how deep an interest
Attached to the recovery of Gaspar.

I lay, one night, revolving in my mind
My destiny, and wishing I could see,
Like Gaspar, my next step; for all my path
Seemed dark to me. The night was long. I sighed
For morning. As I lay thus, ill at ease,
And troubled, I was startled by a shriek—
A fearful shriek. From Lola's room it seemed
To come. I hastened to the child. Her nurse
Was by her side. Lola lay motionless,
But every feature of her face expressed
Intensest agony and suffering.
Her limbs were drawn and strained, as if a force,
A superhuman force, were torturing
The child. 'Twas terrible to witness it.
I thought that she was dying; but the nurse

Said, "It will take its course; we can do nothing.
She dreams. Is it not strange? Her mother died
The day that she was born, within the walls
Of the Inquisition. And I sometimes think
That Lola bears the impress of that story
Of ruth, unconsciously; for of the rack
And question she knows nothing. But in dreams
She suffers as you see."

With voice subdued,
Father Ignacio (unseen by us
He had come in, and stood beside the bed)
Said, "Much, I fear, there has been indiscretion.
Some one has told the child a history
Which, true or false, she ought not to have known.
But now the paroxysm and spasm is past,
Let her sleep on. Nurse, you will sit by her."
He took my hand, and led me from the room.
I grasped his hand. Trembling in every limb,
I said, 'Could such things be?' He answered slowly
And mournfully, "The past is ours no more
To deal with or to remedy. The past
God will require hereafter. Let us draw
The veil, if but in mercy to ourselves,
Over the past."

EL DESENGAÑO.

" Es el engaño traidor,
Y el desengaño leal;
El uno dolor sin mal,
Y el otro mal sin dolor."

CALDERON DE LA BARCA.

My brother! could we but agree to bury,
As deep as thou couldst wish and I could wish,
These memories! But with these memories,
Ere we can close and seal that long account,
I charge thee, bury deep not only rack
And faggot, and the hateful catalogue
Of instruments of torture, bury thou
In the same pit, deep in its lowest depths,
The persecuting spirit. Who art thou
That judgest? Who art thou that shuttest up
Thy brother in a prison, till the iron
Enters his soul? or drivest him afar
From home and country—from the sympathies
And charities of life, to a strange land?

Thou dost renounce, as fiendish and accurst,
The Inquisition and its cruelties:
Thou doest well, if thou renouncest them,
Condemning from the heart *all* cruelty
As hateful in the sight of God and man.
But offer not to Him who sees the heart
The worn-out instruments of former ages,
Which in this age thou dost not *dare* to use:
Such sacrifice is but offence and insult,
If to the hopeless portion of an exile,
If to the lingering torments of a prison,
Thou wouldst condemn thy brother for his faith,
Because his thoughts agree not with thine own.

Every good gift, and every perfect gift
Is from above. Thy knowledge, whence is it?
Thy faith, whence hast thou that transcendant dower?
And wilt thou judge, Oh man! thy fellow man
For lacking that which God hath not imparted?

Seest thou the heart? Canst thou discern the spirit?
The man thou judgest, thousands think with him.
But he is honest—he hath told thee truly
His thoughts. The rest are solemn hypocrites,
Basely professing what they neither think
Nor feel. Him thou wilt thrust into a dungeon

Because he tells the truth. The horde of liars
Perforce thou must absolve. Is this thy justice?

Consider but a moment. Thy poor victim,
He hath not, it may be, a perfect faith—
He hath not, it may be, in things divine
All knowledge; haply, he hath not the best
Of all religious creeds, and rites, and forms;
And yet of knowledge he may have as much
As he can bear. His form may be the best
For him. God knows.

My brother, let me speak
A word in season, and a word in truth
To thee. Thou canst not name an earthly judge,
Thou canst not name tribunal upon earth,
Competent to decide whether a man
Holdeth the faith, or holdeth not the faith.
But thou canst judge—and thou shalt judge thyself.

Thou art a member of the Church of Rome,
Whose head is Vicar upon earth of Christ,
According to the teaching of thy Church.
But thy poor brother doubts—nay, he denies—
Nay, he impugns as all unwarranted
The assumption of such power. Is not the Church
The bride, the spouse of Christ? How readest thou?

If thus betrothed, she will not so deny
Those heavenly espousals, as to brook
The intruder, were he angel. But, alas!
What have not these pretended Vicars been?
One name suffices—Borgia. Can you name
A name so deeply stained with sin and vice?
And thy poor brother is amazed, aghast,
That such a man pretend to represent,
In his Lord's name, the holy mystery
Of His espousals.

Eighteen hundred years
And more have passed, since at an evening meal
One who hath known us—one who knows our frame,
Our sorrows, and our wants and weaknesses—
One who was on the eve of laying down
His life for us, to wash away our sins,
And reconcile us to the Heart of God;
He who for us was on the eve of tasting
The bitter cup of death—bequeathed to us
The cup of blessing. Simple was the rite;
Simple the form. "In memory of Me,
Eat of this bread. In memory of Me,
Drink of this cup—drink ye all of this cup."
Such was His last bequest. The bitter cup
He drank alone. The winepress of God's wrath
He trod alone. The pleasant bread and wine,

With these He bade us keep the feast to Him,
In memory of His death. It was not hard,
That last affectionate bequest. But Rome—
Her Pontiffs and her Cardinals and Bishops
Say, "Ye shall not partake that cup. The Priest
Alone shall drink of it. Stand ye aloof."
Now, if thy brother seek to keep that feast
As Jesus Christ enjoined, eating that bread,
Drinking that cup, in all simplicity,
In all sincerity—because our Lord
Charged us to eat that bread and drink that cup
In memory of Him—wilt thou prepare
Arrows of persecution for that man?
Knowing full well that all the vain excuses*
That all the Doctors of thy Church have urged
Are worthless—knowing well that in the time
Of the Apostles, never was the cup
Denied to Christian people; all partook,
Under the sanction of these holy men
Ordained of God. Wilt thou prepare thy chains
To bind that man a prisoner, who obeys
His God's behest?

Hear me, Romanus, it may be thy brother
Eubulus hath forsaken thy communion
With purpose just as honest as thine own,

* Appendix H.

Who cleavest to the Church that he hath left.
He is in earnest. He would find the path
Of life. He covets the best gifts. He hates
Every false way. I pray you bear with him
If in the mass—thy daily sacrifice—
He hath not found that which can satisfy
His soul. To him it is a dreary* service.
And in the records of the early Church
He thinks that he can trace with certainty
A better way of serving his Creator.
The sacrifice, the sacrificing Priest,
On which your creed relies, your hope depends,
He cannot comprehend. For he has read
Of One who by one sacrifice atoned
For sin, abolished death, and reconciled
Our guilty race to God. And he will hold
To that sheet-anchor of his faith and hope—
One mediator between God and man—
One sacrifice for sin. But can he prove
His right to worship God as holy men
And holy women worshipped Him of old?
Hear him—the Scriptures he hath deeply read.
He hath concluded that a company
Of Christian men and women is a Church.
He hath concluded that the Christian scheme
Is not a scheme of bondage, but of freedom.

* Appendix I.

He hath concluded that a Christian Church
May purge itself from error and deceit.
He finds an open door—no man can shut it—
WHERE TWO OR THREE ARE GATHERED TOGETHER
IN MY NAME, THERE AM I IN THE MIDST OF THEM.
This is the charter of the brotherhood
Founded by Jesus Christ—this the free charter
Of Christian liberty. Such Christian liberty
Thou claimest in the British Isles, Romanus,
Thou for thyself and for thy Church. Be just!
Thou art in power in Spain. Wilt thou refuse,
Because thine arm is strong, the equal right?

Let me speak freely. There be certain truths
That I will place before thee—certain facts
From which thou shalt deduce thine own conclusions.
Or rather tell me—for thou knowest well
Its history—when was it that thy Church
Was most disgraced, corrupted, and depraved?
The answer is a warning to all Churches.
It was precisely as the Church of Rome
Increased her power and rivetted her sway,
That she became licentious, infamous;
Her people steeped in foul licentiousness;
Her priesthood scandalous; her very Pontiffs*
A shame and a disgrace to human nature.

* Appendix K.

Who in that fallen Church could recognise
The spouse of Jesus Christ?

I pray you mark,
For it deserves your earnest contemplation,
How He walked—holy, harmless, undefiled,
And separate from sinners. And how pure,
How simple, and how chaste must she be found
Who claims to be His Bride! How pure in life—
How simply chaste in outward ornament—
How beautiful within! if she would please
Him whom the lily of the field could please
More than the glory of the gorgeous throne
Of Solomon. But in that fallen Church,
What vestige could you find of preparation
To meet her Lord? Of the pretended Vicar,
Steeped in excesses, drenched in sin and vice—
Of him she was fit concubine. She wore
His colours, tawdry in her finery,
Bedraggled, and defiled. Was ever Church
So fallen? Read that woful history,
And read all history since, and say in truth
Whether the Reformation has not proved
A blessing to the Church that most withstood
Its influence. Read any modern work
Or speech of any member of the Church
Of Rome—how mildly tolerant are all!

Where is the bigot* gone? Alas! in Spain
He lingers still. But in the happy homes
Of England can you find him? Blessed change!
Intolerant! 'Tis of intolerance
We are intolerant in this fair England.
The Church of Rome puts on her best apparel
In England—clothes herself with charity,
Meekness, goodwill, kindness, long-suffering,
And hateth every kind of persecution.
But is it only where her power is crippled
The Roman Church is thus magnanimous?
Is she, *where* she has power, tyrannical
And cruel? Is this show of toleration
Mere cunning, mere pretence, mere selfishness?
Repudiate with scorn, O thou, my friend
Romanus, the foul libel! Plead in Spain
The cause that thou in England knowest so well
To plead. Quote to thy co-religionists
In Spain the righteous judgment of the man
Who fought the battle of Emancipation,
And won the field.

" That man who, to enforce
His creed, employs the soldier's bayonet
Or the policeman's staff, gives evidence
By his own conduct, that he has no faith

* Appendix L.

In the intrinsic excellence and value
Or genuine superiority
Of that which he professes to believe.
If he employ soldier or constable,
Gaoler or executioner, he shows
He has no confidence in his religion,
As capable of being based on truth
And reason. Who pursueth such a course,
I care not who he be—or Protestant
Or Catholic, or Presbyterian—
He is a persecutor, and as such
He is no Christian." *

Everywhere proclaim
That truth. In Rome and Spain proclaim that truth.
'Tis the best gospel thou hast given forth
These many years, Romanus. It is truth.
Ponder it deeply. Sound with line and plummet
The human heart. And tell me what the state
Of any people subjected by fear
To the profession of a creed enforced
By penalties. No longer is the truth
Sought for and loved. That well is choked and dried.
What under such a system can it profit
To exercise the faculties which God
Hath given—to exercise the mind and heart

* Appendix M.

In sacred things? 'Tis dangerous to do so.
The formalist, and he alone, is safe.
And with hypocrisy men clothe themselves
As with a garment.

What saith history?
Five years of Mary's reign we chronicle—
Five years of Papal sway we chronicle—
Five years of haling Protestants to prison,
And burning them by hundreds at the stake.
Children of tender age were seized and burnt.
It was a reign of terror; but the Church
Of Rome rejoiced to purge from heresy
The realm of England. She could count her priests
Nine thousand and four hundred. Mary dies.
Elizabeth succeeds. And every priest
Must now subscribe to the reformed religion
Or quit his benefice. How many priests,
Think you, were true to Rome, true to the faith
They had adopted in that reign of terror?
One hundred, seventy, and one. The tale
Is fraught with much instruction.

Read again
The story of last century—its close.
What nation can you name so true to Rome,
So blessed of Rome, as France? With iron will

And iron heel, she had extirpated
And crushed out heresy. The Huguenot,
Jansenist, Mystic—'twas a holocaust—
That offering of thy devoted child.
How came it, oh Romanus! that a land
So eminently favoured with thy creed,
So purged of all that thou esteemest error,
Fell into such a pit?

Was ever land
So cursed with bloodshed and impiety?
Mark in that revolution all the fruits
Of a religion stablished by the sword.
The ancient church of Nôtre Dame becomes
Temple of Reason. There her votaries,
Priests headed by their Metropolitan
Gobel (of Paris Bishop), all abjure
The Christian faith, and with the people bow
To the new Goddess that they have enthroned
Goddess of Reason. Whence the cruelties,
Obscenities, and blasphemies, that stalk
Unbridled through these streets? It is a land
That thou hast educated, ruled, and trained,
Oh Rome! it is a land that thou hast held
Subject, and thou, if thou wilt read the lesson,
Canst read it there. Religion there was planted
And watered by thy hand. Thy husbandry

Was with the sword, and with a flood of tears
And blood. And thou didst reap as thou didst sow.

In the Cathedral of Toledo hangs
An effigy of Christ upon the Cross.
The craft of making images no doubt
Is gainful to the craftsmen as of old
At Ephesus, and gainful to the cities
To which in crowds the worshippers resort;
And gainful to the priests who have the keys
Of famous shrines. This image on the Cross
Of which I speak deserves especial notice.
It is a human skin, preserved and dried,
And stuffed. This desecration* of the dead,
Intolerable to a mind imbued
With piety, deserves especial notice.
Doubtless, it is intended to convey
The liveliest impression of the scene
Thus figured. When at last the open page
Of Scripture shall irradiate with its light
The nation which is now forbid to read
The simple narrative of those who stood
Beneath the Cross on which the Saviour died—
When they shall thus receive the touching story
Of the Redeemer's love, in that last hour
Of agony, when darkness veiled the earth,

* Appendix N.

Men will no longer bear the parody—
The loathsome parody. But until then,
And while religion is thus travestied,
We point to it. See there the handiwork
Of priestcraft—in that handiwork a type
Of what religion is when manufactured
By craft of men. By pressure and by screws
'Tis moulded into shape, and outwardly
It hath a form, a covering, a skin—
Within 'tis rubbish and mere rottenness.

And now, if thou wilt govern with the sword
In sacred things—if thou wilt punish men
For their religion, forge—I charge thee, forge
Instruments proper for thy work. If creeds
Are to be punished, institute a court
Competent to examine and decide
Questions of faith. The civil courts of Spain—
No man will say that they are fit tribunals
To judge of heresy. What then? 'Tis clear
The Inquisition* must be re-ordained—
The sacred office as fit arbiter
In sacred things. I challenge the inquiry
Whether, if men are to be judged by men
For matters of opinion in religion,

* Appendix O.

The Inquisition be not the fit engine
For such a work. How else can you extract
The hidden secrets of the heart? How else
Lay the breast bare, but with the orthodox
Inquisitorial instruments of torture?
There is deep truth beneath the plea for these.
They have the necessary sifting power.
Without them the presiding judges lack
Materials for procuring evidence.
Cruel, yea, fiendish are the instruments.
But for that work, the trial and conviction
Of man, for differing from his fellow man,
They are the fit and proper instruments.
And all that is required is to produce
The warrant and authority to use them.
I pray thee, therefore, construe thou this text—
Thou, the successor of St. Peter—thou,
Claiming that title, construe thou this text:
PUT UP THY SWORD, FOR ALL THAT TAKE THE SWORD SHALL PERISH BY THE SWORD.

Arise, arise,
Oh Spain! put forth thy might! Claim for thy sons
The freedom wherewith Christ hath made us free.
Open thy windows to the light of Heaven—
The light of gospel truth. Emancipate
Thy children from the thrall that has debased

A noble* people; making merchandise
Even of the vices that its tyranny
Engenders. Priestcraft totters. Let it fall.
Claim for yourselves and for your fellow men,
Oh Spaniards! as your priceless privilege—
Yea, band yourselves to claim it as your birthright—
That henceforth ye be free to worship God
In Christ, as freemen, not constrained by fear
Of man, but as the children of your Father,
With willing hearts and minds, that know no bands
But love.

* Appendix P.

XXI.

THE child knew nothing. But my heart was crushed.
I longed to close my eyes for evermore
On these unhappy scenes. How fair a world!
Teeming with beauty, and with promise teeming.
All a vain show! The fiend lurks there to mar
And wither all. His name is Cruelty.
Lola, I loved that flower, that tender flower;
And she, too, is a child of sorrow blighted
Even from her birth. I longed to die. Kind words
Fell all unheeded on my ear. They tried
To rouse me. The gay street, the pleasant meadows
Along the Manzanares—then Aranjuez,
Its gardens and its groves—from spray to spray,
Its thousand restless songsters the still air
Woke with their melody. In vain! I seemed
As one who heard not. Then ('twas Lola's thought—
For I had often told her of the book,
Repeating what my memory had stored)
Father Ignacio broke the seal, and brought me

Esteban's book. I took it eagerly,
And clasped it to my breast. For it was thus
I wished to walk the few and solemn steps
That seemed to lie before me to the bourn
Of life—pressing the book of Esteban
Close to my heart. * * * *

* * * We left Aranjuez,
And after many days of travelling
Through plains, there rose afar in glorious sheen
And majesty—there rose beyond the plains
A great white throne, resplendent, luminous,
Brighter than silver, reaching unto heaven.*
Beyond—may it not be?—beyond there lies
That better country, and that happier land.
It was my beacon now for many a day
In journeying on. * * *

* * * Under its base we pass,
And then we mount and mount, till from a height
We view the expanse of ocean. Not a breath
Disturbs its calm. I said, 'It is the sea
Of glass that lies beneath the great white throne.
It is the bourn I long for. We shall see
Thousands of angels with their harps upon it.
So press we on.' * * * *

* Appendix Q.

* * * But now I see a ship
Upon the waters. Ere we reach that shore
That lies beyond, it may be we must pass
Through waters deep. But clasping to my breast
Esteban's book, I feel that I can pass
Through the deep waters fearlessly. Adieu!
My country. * * *
* * * We are seated in a skiff
That bears us to the ship that waits for us.
Father Ignacio tells me to prepare
For fellow-voyagers whose destiny
Is bound with mine. * * *
* * * Anselmo! As he came,
I knew the step that swiftly crossed the deck—
I knew the music of Anselmo's step;
And as he took my hand, I said to him,
'Sir, I have often seen your face in dreams.'
There then approached another. I knew well
The features of that face—twice I had seen
A picture of Cecilia. Now I saw
That which the picture failed to represent.
The expression of her face, more beautiful
Than any limner's art could reproduce,
Told me at once Anselmo was her son.
I took her hand and said, 'It was last night
You were to come to me. The night was long.'
She carried in her arms a little infant;

And as she stood before me she unveiled it.
I started when I saw its gentle face,
Serene in purity and innocence.
I trembled lest some blight should fall on it,
And prayed it might be veiled again. Anselmo
Said mournfully, " You do not know the child."
I answered, 'Yes, I know that I have heard
Its cry in dreams. It is a child of sorrow.'

Father Ignacio now took leave of all.
I rose to go with him. All eyes
Were bent on me. It tried me painfully
To meet the anxious gaze of many faces.
I looked imploringly to him. He took
My hand and said, " I now can do no more
For you." But when he saw my agony—
My mute appeal to him—and that I grasped
And held his sleeve—he said, " Nay, it shall be
As you desire. Cecilia goes with you
And Lola; but if aught that I can do
Will make you happy, I will go with you,
Poor Mariquita." I looked up to thank him,
And looking up I felt I had a friend
Whose sympathy could soothe me, when the cloud
Upon my mind was darkest.

God be praised,

Who in the cloud hath set the bow of mercy
As a memorial and a sacrament,
And sign, that when the floods lift up their voice,
And when the floods lift up their waves, the Lord,
Mightier than the mighty waves of ocean,
Is with the sons of men, and willeth not
That any perish. And the bow of mercy
That shines in Heaven, shines even in a tear.

Now I looked seaward. O'er the calm expanse
Stream lightest airs, fanning, as if with wings,
The glassy surface. Then, as harbingers,
Bright zones of blue and green alternate gird
The deep. They darken as they come. Our sail
Is spread from every spar to meet the breeze.
Adieu to Spain!

How swiftly speeds the ship
Along the coast! The breeze is freshening now;
The sky looks threatening, and the storm is coming.
Still on the headland pours the westering sun
A flood of roseate light; the purple shadows
Still sleep beneath the cliffs; but the blue sea
Blackens beneath the lowering sky. It comes—
It lifts us on its crest, then dashes on.
Its lip is curled, and white with wrath; it utters
A murmur loud and hoarse. The cliff replies,

Mocking its angry voice. Impetuously
It breaks upon the rock—the spray flies up
High as the headland; and afar the flakes
Of driving foam seem to the little ones—
The children of the fisherman—who stand
Before their father's hut to watch the storm,
Even like a flock of sea-birds borne aloft
And carried on the gale.

So shall it be
Till the day come—the day so terrible,
The day so longed for—when the lofty cliff
Shall bow its head, and molten all by fire
Flow down. The sea hath fled, and no more sea
Shall be. Only the sea of glass shall be
Before the great white throne.

CONCLUSION.

G. I THANK you, Seymour, for the manuscript.
Tell me, how came it into your possession?
S. The voyagers, who left their native land,
Came to my father's parish. One of them,
Father Ignatius, was well known to him,
And had arranged beforehand their reception
In England.
G. And of course his object was
To shelter Mariquita from the risk
Of persecution.
S. It was thus it happened.
Among the landed gentry of the parish
There was, of ancient name and lineage,
A family of Roman Catholics—
A family well nigh extinct. The last
Of all their house were they—save one, a nephew,
A laughter-loving boy, who ridiculed
Their ways, and utterly refused to listen
To the old Priest. Being childless, they were bent
On making choice of one whom they might train
And educate as their adopted child.

My father heard of Lola from his friend.
The voyage was arranged for Lola's sake.
But in the providence of God it was
The happiest of events for Mariquita.
You know the parish, and the gush of streams
That gladden it. The forest scenery
You know. It seemed a paradise to her.
Her mind was soothed and calmed. And when they told her
That 'twas a land in which the people read
And loved the book she carried (calling it
Esteban's book), she opened it and placed
Her child upon her knee, and sung the songs
Of Zion. Every heart was touched and moved
That day.

G. What followed, I should like to hear,
And how it fared with Lola.

S. She was trained
With admirable care and circumspection
By her Padrino—for Ignatius brooked
No intermeddling. He, and he alone,
Was her confessor. But he pitied much
The youth that thus was sentenced to the loss
Of his inheritance. And when she knew it,
Lola so pitied him—

G. She married him.

S. Even so.

G. And I conclude they all became
Sound Protestants.
S. My father often said
There were no better Christians in his parish.
Other distinctions it was not his wont
To draw.
G. And Mariquita and Anselmo?
S. Tenderly she was cared for. And the clouds
Which in the morning of her life so darkened
Her path, were in the evening of her days
A glorious and resplendent monument
Of mercy and forgiveness. This she felt,
And loved to point to.
G. And, their infant boy?
S. De Solis? From a child he loved the sea,
And from a child he loved to count afar
The tapering masts, seen from the rectory,
Of all the men of war. And he is now
Serving his country—his adopted country—
But hath an anchorage in the parish still:
He married Lola's daughter.
G. And Cecilia?
S. Cecilia and Ignatius—you may see
Their graves, if you will come with me this evening.
There is no stone to mark the spot; but flowers,
Fresh flowers, are often strewed by little hands—
By the De Solis children—on the grass

That grows so green and fresh within the precincts
Of the old Abbey. We had better wait
Till evening, to avoid all interruption
Of visitors. For one will learnedly
Discuss the architecture, style, and date;
Or speculate on what varieties
Of fish the streams supply, and if we owe
The grayling to the monks of olden time.
Another, with much relish, will inspect
The little window 'twixt refectory
And kitchen. But at sunset we shall meet
None to disturb our thoughts. How many an hour
We spent together there, my friend and I!
He loved to meditate among the ruins.
"For," he would say, "are we not ruins all?
This is the fittest temple for a man
To worship in; the mossy grass invites
The bended knee more than the costliest
Marble that you could pave it with. The roof,
How glorious is its arch; and how resplendent
Its lights!—the sun by day, the stars by night.
Nor tell me of its altars overthrown:—
Hath not the sparrow found herself an house?
Hath not the swallow builded there her nest
Where she may lay her young? And if before
Thine altars, O my God! these are remembered,
And claim Thy care—even from the dust of death
Our cry shall reach Thine ear."

APPENDIX A.

The few Spanish words which occur in this work are probably known to the reader; but, if not, the following glossary will serve as interpreter.

Aficionado. An amateur—in contradistinction to a professional.

Alguacil. An officer of justice, constable, &c.

Alqueria. A farm-house.

Arriero. A muleteer.

Aya. Governess or nurse.

Banderillero. One whose part in the bull-fight is (he being armed with two ornamented darts) to invite the bull to charge him, and, as the charge is made, to meet the bull swiftly, and

ERRATA.

For most, *read* much.—Page 23, line 4.
For wist, *read* wis.—Page 30, line 17.
For Sara, *read* Rosa.—Page 54, line 22.
For fierce, savage, *read* fierce and savage.—Page 73, line 5.
For shaking, *read* shake.—Page 125, line 5.
For Cardovan, *read* Cordovan.—Page 134, line 8.
For came, *read* come.—Page 157, line 3.
For All eyes, *read* At once all eyes.—Page 268, line 10.

an evening with a Spanish family, and one of the ladies may

That grows so green and fresh within the precincts
Of the old Abbey. We had better wait
Till evening, to avoid all interruption
Of visitors. For one will learnedly
Discuss the architecture, style, and date;
Or speculate on what varieties
Of fish the streams supply, and if we owe
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Another, with much relish, will inspect
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And kitchen. But at sunset we shall meet
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He loved to meditate among the ruins.

[illegible]
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Barandilla. Front seat (or ticket for a seat in the front row) in the gallery of the bull-ring.

Bribon. A vagabond or rascal.

Borracho. A drunkard. This is a term of great contempt in Spain. A drunkard is seldom known, and drunkenness is a sin greatly despised.

Burro. An ass.

Busne. See *Errate.*

Cabaña. Hut, cabin.

Cigarrillo. The cigarrillo is a Spanish institution. Pass an evening with a Spanish family, and one of the ladies may

often be seen making cigarrillos. Hand round your cigar-case in a Spanish venta, and each person will cut off a small piece from a cigar, produce his papel, and manufacture a cigarrillo. A Spanish postboy will produce his tobacco, &c., and make a cigarrillo as he rides along at a trot.

Chulo. Five or six gaily dressed youths, called chulos, take part in every bull-fight. They have long, coloured scarfs with which they scare the bull, make him run, and baffle him. When a picador is dismounted, or a matador in danger, the chulos immediately engage and distract the attention of the bull, which, in charging them, is puzzled by the long scarf fluttering in his face. The chulos, when hard pressed, escape by lightly vaulting over the palisade that encloses the bull-ring.

Desengaño. The act of undeceiving, disabusing, or freeing from error.

Despoblados. Desert, or dispeopled districts.

Dueña. An aged attendant.

Duro. A Spanish dollar.

Errate. Gipsies of true blood, who despise the Gentiles—the Busne.

Fanfarron. A boaster.

Fonda. Hotel.

Giralda. Vane. The term giralda, originally applied to the female figure at the top of the Moorish tower of Seville Cathedral, is hence used to indicate the tower itself.

Guadix. See Appendix G.

Huerta. Orchard, garden.

Jaca. A small horse or pony. Pronounce it rightly (the J is a strong aspirate), and you have the origin of the English word hack.

Labrador. A peasant, farmer, or landed proprietor who farms his own land.

Matador. In a bull-fight the matador, armed with a sword and small red flag, gives the *coup de grace* to the bull. The sword requires to be planted with great skill, and it is a service of great danger.

Noria. A draw-well, &c.

Paño Pardo. The ordinary grey cloth worn by the Spanish peasantry.

Picador. Three picadors, armed with long lances, play an important part in the bull-fight. The lance has a small iron blade or spike at the end, to assist the picador to turn the bull. The man is tolerably safe, being heavily cased in leather. and having iron leggings. The horse is cruelly exposed.

Picaro. A rogue.

Pueblo. Pueblecita. Town, village.

Sainete. A light comedy or farce.

Semiluna. A cruel instrument, used in the bull-fight for cutting the tendons of a bull refusing to show fight.

Señor. I only note this well-known word for the sake of remarking that *a Spanish Señor* has always been better understood by us than *a French Monsieur.* In Johnson's Dictionary, 8th edition, quarto, I find "*Monsieur—A term of reproach for a Frenchman.*" ! !

Sierra. A serrated range of mountains.

Sombrero. A hat.

Soto. A wood or forest.

Tienda. A shop.

Venta. A solitary wayside inn.

Zincali. Gipsies.

APPENDIX B.

Our house we offered, p. 12. "My house is at your grace's disposition." Mi casa es a la disposicion de usted, is the usual Spanish welcome given at the close of your first visit. It means more than the Englishman's "Pray make my house your own." It means that you may spend your evenings there, and is not given where a friendly and intimate acquaintance is not desired.

APPENDIX C.

P. 37. The strict watchfulness observed by gipsy mothers over the conduct of their daughters is an interesting feature in the manners of that remarkable race. Borrow's works abundantly illustrate this phase of gipsy life. An instance of the maternal counsels being strictly attended to came to my knowledge, as follows :—

I was walking with my late lamented friend J. A. G. through the fields, when we met and conversed with a gipsy. She told us that her husband was not of their race, but a traveller (probably a travelling tinker), leading a gipsy life. My friend asked her if she knew the gipsy that young ——— wanted to marry. She answered, "Yes ; she is my sister." "Is she like you ?" "No, Sir ; if she was, she would not be beautiful, but she was very beautiful, with long black hair." "And how came your sister to know young Mr. ——— ?" "Sir, I will tell you. We were sent for to the hall to see his mother, who spoke very

kindly to us, and when we left she gave us gold. But as we were going home the two young men followed us through the wood. We told them not to follow us, for *that was not gipsy manners.* But they would not leave us, and the oldest of them began to make up to my sister, and the youngest to me ; but I kept him off. He had fine clothes—(here a curious smile lit up her features)—Yes, to be sure, he had very fine clothes ; but I up with a ———, and splashed him all over."

The missile, *whatever it was,* was quite sufficient for the purpose. The youth fled.

APPENDIX D.

Seville, p. 60. Seville is described in this work as I have seen it, not as I have read of it. Travellers who have visited the East will recognise the Moorish element in the construction of the city. The heat is greatly modified by the twisting and winding course of the narrow streets. Directly you emerge into an open *plaza* you risk a sun-stroke.

APPENDIX E.

P. 109. Froila judges the Spanish girl by the standard of gipsy manners and customs.—*Vide supra,* Appendix C.

APPENDIX F.

P. 112. A colony of Germans was settled in the Sierra Morena in 1767. Their Saxon origin is still apparent, for however their complexion and colour of hair may have changed since their migration, their eyes are still blue. The combination of black hair with blue eyes is striking, and the women of the Sierra are much admired by the passing traveller.

APPENDIX G.

P. 134. Guadix is celebrated for its knives, which have a spring to prevent the knife closing on the hand. They serve, therefore, for daggers in the *guerra al cuchillo*—a species of warfare too much in vogue in Spain. The cutler's poetry on the blade if often characteristic. For instance—

"Se esta vipora te pica
No vayas a la botica."

"If this viper pricks you, you will not need the leech."

APPENDIX H.

The following account, from a very plausible book, of the reasons which moved the Roman Catholic Church to refuse the cup to the laity, is at least curious:—

"It is well known that this custom was not first established by ecclesiastical law; but, on the contrary, it was in consequence of the general prevalence of the usage, that this law was passed in approval of it. It is a matter of no less notoriety, that the monasteries in whose centre this rite had its rise, and thence spread in ever wider circles, were led by a very nice sense of delicacy to impose on themselves this privation. A pious dread of desecrating, by spilling and the like, even in the most conscientious ministration, the form of the sublimest and the holiest, whereof the participation can be vouchsafed to man, was the feeling which swayed their minds."—MOEHLER.

The question deserves some attention. The lay brothers of a monastery occupy a humble, often a menial, position. The government is in the hands of priests. Therefore, for "were led by a very nice sense of delicacy to impose on themselves this privation," read, as the simple fact, that the priests shut out their humble brethren from participation in the Cup of Blessing, arrogating to themselves the exclusive privilege of the reception of one of the elements enjoined to be used in the Lord's Supper to show forth His death till He come. The exclusive enjoyment by the priesthood of the Cup of Blessing is, of course, not without its significance in the eyes of the people on whose minds it is intended to operate. The priest is evidently set forth as a privileged and exalted being. The means used for thus exalting him are in direct disobedience to our Lord's plain injunction. But to the Sacrifice of the Mass is thereby imparted its most remarkable feature, and to the sacrificing priest his highest distinction as such.

APPENDIX I.

In a letter denying his intention to return to the Church of England, Newman proclaims Protestantism to be the dreariest of all possible religions.

The objection, coming from a member of the Church of Rome, is singular. Those anchorites and hermits whom the Roman Catholics have delighted to honour with an excess of honour—has not the honour paid to them been almost precisely in proportion to the desolate dreariness of their lives? And there is some justice in the sentiment. For, however little we be disposed to appreciate that fugitive virtue which hides itself in holes of the rock and in desert places, or that fantastic piety which seeks voluntarily a painful and unsocial existence, there have been "who wandered in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented (of whom the world was not worthy); they wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth." Their portion was not in this world.

But if Mr. Newman mean that the services of a Church ought not to be dreary, I agree with him. There are minds, however, which it would be difficult to satisfy. Cheerfulness is rather a quality of the mind than the result of contrivance. I never heard Mr. Newman preach but once; he was then a clergyman of the Church of England. The burden of his sermon was—But is there anything Romish in this doctrine or that rite? Unquestionably, that sermon was the dreariest part of the service. But if Mr. Newman has, since he left the Church of England, discovered the art of not being dreary, he assuredly owes it to himself, to humanity, and to those unfor-

tunates on whom, as an Anglican Minister, he once inflicted dreariness, to expound and elucidate the principles of the new art he has acquired.

But a mere comparison between Church of England and Church of Rome is unprofitable. There is a better standard for measuring a Church. Tried by this standard, we all come short; but, seeing and admitting our shortcomings, and seeking the best gifts, we are enabled to aim at and press on towards a better rule and constitution. That is grateful and cheering—because it is hopeful. Compared with the early Christian Church, our Churches are much drearier than they ought to be. I recommend Mr. Newman to compare (not the Church he has left—he can now exercise no influence there, but) the Church of his adoption with the ancient Corinthian Church. "How is it then," says the Apostle, "How is it then, brethren? When ye come together every one of you hath a psalm, hath a doctrine, hath a tongue, hath a revelation, hath an interpretation. Let all things be done unto edifying." Faults they had, that early Corinthian Church, but no want of life; no dreariness, I apprehend. Let Mr. Newman compare carefully with that lively Church, the services of his adopted Church, the Church of Rome; would that he could infuse a little life into it. But the Sacrifice of the Mass—how different from the lively, hearty congregation pourtrayed in the Epistle of St. Paul. Mark the priest, with his back to the people, repeating in an unknown tongue and in low accents, his office; the congregation —some near, some afar, some without—as in Ireland—kneeling round the outer walls—what a silent system—passing the silence of Quakers!

But are Roman Catholics dreary? Is not the dreariness of

the service relieved by shows, processions, &c.? Yes. But I hesitate to call these religion.

I was in Seville at Easter. The morning of the resurrection was observed on Saturday morning, viz., the day after Good Friday. The uproar was immense—squibs, crackers, guns going off in every direction. I looked out of my window. There was a cord across the street. A Judas, as large as life, was suspended by the cord. A young man, in an undress military uniform, armed with a musket, stood in the street, firing and loading again to fire at Judas. Each discharge blew a quantity of bran out of the effigy, and, at each discharge, people in the houses pulled the cord, so as to make the figure dance and caper for the amusement of the people. Thus was the morning of the resurrection kept in Seville by the unthinking multitude.

The Reformed Christian Churches use not and need not such mad festivals. Their doctrine is not such as to call for these distractions for the people. Purgatory with its torments is not before their eyes as their next place of abode after leaving this troubled world. There is a dreariness in that doctrine from which I could wish from my heart that our Roman Catholic brethren in every land were freed.

APPENDIX K.

I wish to draw attention to a point of great importance. I wish the sincere Roman Catholic, who loves his Church and desires for it all the perfection and purity of which it is capable, to compare the general state and condition of the Church of Rome before the Reformation with its moral status since the Reformation.

In this note I will take but one point to illustrate the subject, viz., the character of the Pontiffs.

In the work of Count Joseph Le Maistre (a strenuous defender of the Papacy), he says that in the tenth century the human race in Europe had literally "run mad." "Ferocity and debauchery, anarchy and poverty, were in every state." And (quoting Voltaire) "The Pontifical chair was oppressed, dishonoured, stained with blood." A curious note occurs.

Voltaire.—"It is astonishing that, under so many Popes of scandalous lives (tenth century), the Roman Church did not lose either its prerogatives or its pretensions."

Le Maistre.—It is well to say "it is astonishing;" the phenomenon, humanly speaking, is inexplicable.

Pass we on to the fifteenth century. It opens with the burning of John Huss and Jerome of Prague. It is famous for the extirpation of heretics. "I find," says a writer, "towards the end of the fifteenth century the witnesses were in a manner wholly extinct. For Comenius tells us that, about the year 1467, the Waldenses in Austria and Moravia had complied so far as to dissemble their religion and turn to Popery in profession and outward compliance. The Taborites, in the meanwhile, upon their refusing to do so, were so destroyed that it was much that seventy of them could be got together to consult about continuing their Church, and about finding out some qualified person to be their minister, for they had none left in the year 1467. And so low was the Church of Christ then (close of the fifteenth century) that when the hidden remains of the Taborites (who were called *Speculani*, from their lurking in dens and caves), sent out four men to travel—one through Greece and the East, another to Russia and the North, a third

to Thrace, Bulgaria, and the neighbouring places, and a fourth to Asia, Palestine, and Egypt.—They did all, indeed, safely return to their brethren, but with sorrowful news, that they found no Church of Christ that was pure, or free from the grossest errors, superstitions, and idolatry. This was in the year 1497. And when they sent two of their number, two years afterwards, viz., Luke Prague and Thomas German, to go into Italy, France, and other places, to see if there were any of the old Waldenses left alive, they returned with the same melancholy news as the former had done—that they could neither find nor hear of any remaining: only they were informed of the martyrdom of Savonarola (who suffered in the year 1498); and they were told of some few remains of the Piedmontois that were scattered and hid among the Alps, but nobody knew where."

Rome is mistress of the Western world. What is her character? Alexander VI. is Pope.

Le Maistre speaks of Alexander VI. as "*presenting in his own person a melancholy exception to that long series of virtues by which the Holy See has been honoured.*" Count Joseph Le Maistre has not been so well informed as he ought to have been. It will throw some light upon the question raised in this note to take the brief history of the two Popes, who successively occupied the Pontifical chair at the close of the fifteenth century, when Rome was dominant, triumphant, rampant. I quote from a recently published Biographical Dictionary, of good repute.

"*Innocent VIII.* (Battista Cibo), born at Genoa in 1432, bishop of Melfi and cardinal, was elevated to the Papal chair, 29th August, 1484, and commenced his reign by violating the stipulations against nepotism he had made at his election. He pro-

secuted against Naples two wars, setting up Renatus as rival to King Ferdinand ; and while calling upon all Christendom to embark in a war against the Turks, he did not scruple to enter into negotiations with Bajazet II., becoming jailer of his banished brother. Thus he derived revenues both from Christians and Mahometans. Innocent VIII. was very severe against sorcerers, magicians, and witches ; he appointed two head inquisitors for Upper Germany. He was equally severe against the Hussites in Bohemia. The last years of his reign were employed in creating new places for the purpose of enriching his coffers. He died 25th July, 1492. In consequence of the number of his children he was satirically termed the 'father of his country.' Disgraceful crimes marked the whole length of his reign. Profligacy, nepotism, perfidy, and reckless cupidity, combined to form a character which has scarcely one redeeming trait. It is said that he had sixteen illegitimate children to provide for."

"*Alexander VI.*, Roderic Borgia, was the son of Godfrey Lenzolia and Jane Borgia, the sister of Pope Calixtus III. He was born 1431, and originally practised as an advocate ; afterwards he adopted the profession of arms, which was much more in accordance with his taste. Pope Calixtus sent for him to Rome, and gave him the archbishopric of Valencia ; and in 1456 made him cardinal-deacon, and afterwards vice-chancellor of the Church, a post of great dignity, with a large revenue attached. Hitherto his life, which had been most dissolute (he had five illegitimate children by Rosa Vanozza, whose mother had previously been his mistress), had escaped detection ; and inflamed with the ambition of one day sitting on the throne of St. Peter, he outwardly conducted himself in the most decorous manner, so as to win golden opinions from all,

both as a preacher and a man. Little is known of him during the pontificates of Pius II. and Paul II., but we find him sent as legate by Sixtus IV., to negotiate the Spanish and Portuguese affairs. He left the Court of Lisbon without accomplishing his mission, having offended the king by his dissolute habits; and on his return to Rome, Sixtus was dead, and Innocent VIII. was pope. He now contrived to bring his mistress to Rome, and lodged her close to St. Peter's, where, under pretence of friendship for her reputed husband, he constantly visited her. Innocent died 1492, and it was soon seen on the assembling of the conclave, that their choice was limited to two candidates, Roderic Borgia, the nephew of Calixtus III., and Julian della Rovera, the nephew of Sixtus IV. Borgia, the more unscrupulous and the more wealthy of the two, by lavish distribution of money and promise of offices, carried the day, and was elected pope. He assumed the title of Alexander VI., and his first act was to discharge his obligations to the cardinals, the whole of whom, save five, were said to be in his pay, though eventually he managed to dispose of all to whom he was under obligations. It is impossible, in a narrative like this, to trace at any length the political transactions in which the pope took part; we can therefore only notice briefly the league he formed with Bajazet II., emperor of the Turks, against Charles VIII., king of France, who claimed the kingdom of Naples. Charles invaded Italy, 1494, with twenty thousand men, and carried everything before him, taking possession of Rome itself, and forcing Alexander to take refuge in the castle of St. Angelo. The pope, driven to extremities, made terms with Charles, and granted all his demands; among others, surrendering to him the person of Zizim, Bajazet's brother, who had been detained in a kind of honourable cap-

tivity at Rome, and whom Charles wished to have in his power as an instrument against Bajazet. It is commonly said that Alexander, mindful of his obligations to the sultan, had previously given him a slow poison. Certain it is, that Zizim died very shortly after he was surrendered to the king. Charles, in return, treated the pontiff with studied courtesy and respect, waited upon him, and kissed his feet. He thus continued his march to Naples, and easily obtained possession of his prize, Alphonso II., the king, fleeing at his approach. The alliance, however, between Charles and Alexander did not last long. It did not suit Alexander's views to have the French at Naples, and aided by his son, Cæsar Borgia, the Duke of Valentino, he formed a league against Charles with the republic of Venice, Ludovico Sforza, Duke of Milan, and other Italian princes, the Emperor Maximilian, and Ferdinand of Spain. The battle of Fornova decided the Italian question in favour of the allies, and Charles found he had lost his conquests as easily as he had gained them. Freed now from the presence of the French, Alexander was at liberty to devote himself to his main designs—the enlargement of the patrimony of St. Peter, and the aggrandisement of his son Cæsar. Under his rule, everything was unblushingly put to sale. His chief agent and confidant was his son, the notorious Cæsar Borgia; and after the death of the Duke of Gandia, his elder son (who is said, but without proof, to have been assassinated by order of Cæsar, who was jealous of his intimacy with their common sister, Lucretia), all Alexander's affections were centered in Cæsar and Lucretia. Unscrupulous and insatiable, he removed by poison or the dagger all who were in his way, and the papal treasury was enriched by the effects of many members of the sacred college, whose deaths were commonly suspected to

have taken place by foul means. It is not surprising, therefore, to find Alexander, hitherto the chief opponent of the French, forming an alliance with Louis XII., who had succeeded Charles VIII., 1498, and who was anxious to obtain a divorce from his wife Joan, and to marry his predecessor's widow, Anne of Britany, whom he had loved as Duke of Orleans. The pope consented on condition of Louis exerting his interest to bring about the marriage of Cæsar with Charlotte, the daughter of the King of Naples. The lady, however, refused, and Louis declared he would not force her. He accordingly negotiated a marriage for Cæsar with a daughter of the King of Navarre, and a papal bull was issued which set Cæsar free from his priestly vows, and allowed him to marry. Alexander and his son now entered heartily into the schemes of Louis against the duchy of Milan, and Cæsar rode in the French king's train to Milan, whence he set out for the subjugation of the Roman nobles, who were plundered, imprisoned, spoiled of their domains, or assassinated, as the interests of the wretched father and son seemed to require. Rome itself was the centre of the most iniquitous proceedings, neither life nor property were secure; and if elsewhere a voice like Savonarola's was raised against the prevailing sins, it was silenced at the stake. Meanwhile Alexander disregarded even common decency, and celebrated the marriage of Lucretia with her third husband, Alfonso, son of the Duke d'Este, with the most shameless licentiousness and abominable orgies. In vain the oppressed nobles appealed to Louis; the pope was always ready to gratify him, and cruelty and oppression prevailed at Rome till the death of Alexander. His end was worthy of his life. It is said that he and his son drunk of poisoned wine, which they had intended for Cardinal Corneto, whose estates

they were anxious to inherit. Cæsar escaped with his life, but Alexander died August 2, 1503, aged sixty-two. The most profligate pontiff that ever sat on the apostolic throne—we may almost say the most profligate man in history—he has left behind him a name which is a 'proverb of reproach.' Anxious as he was to uphold the authority of the Roman see, nothing weakened it more than his wicked life ; and Luther's preaching would not have met with the success it did, had it not been for the gross practical corruptions of morals at the very centre of the church. We may mention here, that Alexander conferred upon the court of Castile the whole of the territory discovered by Columbus."

The concluding paragraph alludes to the meridian line drawn by Alexander to divide the new world between the Spaniards and Portuguese. On which Count le Maistre makes a somewhat remarkable comment :—

"It was a great happiness for humanity that the Pontifical dignity had yet sufficient influence to obtain this remarkable covenant, and the noble arbitration was *so worthy of a true successor of St. Peter, that the bull, 'Inter cætera,' ought to belong to another Pontiff.*"

Happy for Count le Maistre that he lived not in the fifteenth century ; for, assuredly, he would have been burned for doubting whether Alexander Borgia were a true successor of St. Peter.

These two names (Innocent VIII. and Alexander VI.—1484 to 1503) mark the culminating point of papal supremacy over the Continent of Europe. In 1517 Luther shall nail his ninety-five theses to the church-door, the Reformation shall march, and the most powerful nations of Europe shall shake off the yoke of Rome. The one point I desire to note is, that since that time

Popes have been respectable. Scandalous and gross vices have not stained the Pontifical chair.

APPENDIX L.

P. 257. The word "bigot" is, undoubtedly, of Spanish origin. Johnson says its etymology is unknown. But in *Notes and Queries* it is traced (I have no doubt correctly) to the word "bigotes," which is the Spanish for "whiskers." "Hombre de bigotes"—literally, "a man of whiskers"—is a phrase used to express "a man of resolution." Hence bigot, in the sense in which it was probably used at first, "a man of firmness and decision," one who adheres to a cause with the strength of his manhood.

APPENDIX M.

P. 258. These sentiments were expressed publicly by Daniel O'Connell.

APPENDIX N.

P. 261. To obviate all objections, and to clear those who prepared the effigy at Toledo from any suspicion of body-snatching or stealing, and to give a certain tinge of the miraculous to the history of the effigy, it is pretended that the body thus preserved, and set up to represent Christ upon the Cross, came to the Spanish coast (*proprio motu ?*) in a boat.

Such things, of course, affect the Spanish mind very differently as it is more or less educated. Things that I have seen in the interior of Spain have been utterly discredited by Spaniards residing in a seaport, where intercourse with other nations has done much to open their eyes and enlarge their views. For instance :

I was invited, when in Madrid (A.D. 1840), to an evening party, at the house of a gallant colonel who had married a silversmith's daughter. The guests were admitted, in a very unpretending way, through the *atélier*, where the silver forks, &c., were made. I was shown into a spacious drawing-room, where I found a large society assembled, including the members of the *corps diplomatique*, foreign ministers, &c. But my attention was chiefly attracted by a lady who stood in the doorway that separated the principal room from a smaller drawing-room—she looked so rigid and so still, standing in the very centre of the doorway. I turned to speak to one of the *attachés* of the British legation, and then glanced again at the stately lady. She was motionless as ever. I turned to my friend, and said to him, "Who is that? or what is that?" "Oh, don't you know," he said ; "It took me in at first, and I asked the girls, who answered at once that it was 'pobre mamita' (poor little mama). When she died, they cut off her hair, had a wax figure made exactly like her, attached her hair to it, and when there is a party, 'pobre mamita' is dressed for the occasion in one of her evening dresses, and wheeled into the room to join the party."

My story was not believed by an Alicante family, to whom it was related ; but it is not nearly so strange as the Toledo effigy, which every passing traveller could inspect when I was in Spain.

APPENDIX O.

As long as any persecution of men for their religious convictions is actually at work, it is well to be informed whither it tends.

There are persons now living in whose childhood an *auto de fe* was held at Goa, in which as many as twenty persons were burnt, under sentence. Now popes and bishops are not of a more cruel nature than kings and judges. They are all men of like passions. But the subtlety of the questions, the extreme difficulty of getting at the truth, and the magnitude and deep importance of the issue, have led to atrocities, in the name of religion, which are, perhaps, without parallel in the most barbarous civil governments.

The following articles are from a Cyclopædia published when the Inquisition was still an institution in most Roman Catholic countries. I believe there is now no Inquisition, save in the city of Rome, and that in a very modified form as to its present manner of administration. But there is the old nucleus. None are more interested than Roman Catholics in extinguishing that spirit which has led (*and may again lead*) to such lamentable results.

"INQUISITION.

"This diabolical tribunal takes cognizance of heresy, Judaism, Mahommedanism, sodomy, and polygamy, and people stand so much in fear of it that parents deliver up their children, husbands their wives, and masters their servants, to its officers, without daring in the least to murmur. The prisoners are kept for a long time, till they themselves turn their own accusers, and declare the cause of their imprisonment; for they are neither

told their crime nor confronted with witnesses. As soon as they are imprisoned their friends go into mourning, and speak of them as dead, not daring to solicit their pardon, lest they should be brought in as accomplices. When there is no shadow of proof against the pretended criminal, he is discharged, after suffering the most cruel tortures, a tedious and dreadful imprisonment, and the loss of the greatest part of his effects. The sentence against the prisoner is pronounced publicly, and with extraordinary solemnity. In Portugal, they erect a theatre capaple of holding 3,000 persons, in which they place a rich altar, and raise seats on each side in the form of an amphitheatre. There the prisoners are placed, and over against them is a high chair, whither they are called, one by one, to hear their doom from one of the inquisitors.

"These unhappy people know what they are to suffer by the clothes they wear that day. Those who appear in their own clothes are discharged upon payment of a fine. Those who have a santo benito, or strait yellow coat with sleeves, charged with St. Andrew's cross, have their lives, but forfeit all their effects. Those who have the resemblance of flames, made of red serge, sewed upon their santo benito, without any cross, are pardoned, but are threatened to be burnt if they relapse; but those who, besides these flames, have on their santo benito their own picture, surrounded with figures of devils, are condemned to expire in the flames. The inquisitors, who are ecclesiastics, do not pronounce the sentence of death, but form and read an act, in which they say that the criminal being convicted of such a crime, by his own confession, is, with much reluctance, delivered to the secular powers, to be punished according to his demerits; and this writing they give to the seven judges who attend at the right side of the altar, and who immediately

pass sentence. For the conclusion of this horrid scene, see 'Act of Faith.'"—*Encyclopedia Britannica*, 1778.

"ACT OF FAITH.—*Auto de Fe*, in the Romish church, is a solemn day held by the Inquisition for the punishment of heretics, and the absolution of the innocent accused. They usually contrive the *auto* to fall on some great festival, that the execution may pass with more awe and regard; at least, it is always on a Sunday.

"The *auto de fe* may be called the last act of the inquisitorial tragedy; it is a kind of gaol delivery, appointed as often as a competent number of prisoners in the Inquisition are convicted of heresy, either by their own voluntary or extorted confession, or on the evidence of certain witnesses. The process is this: In the morning they are brought into a great hall, where they have certain habits put on which they are to wear in the procession. The procession is led by Dominican friars; after which come the penitents, some with san benitos, and some without, according to the nature of their crimes; being all in black coats without sleeves, and barefooted, with a wax candle in their hand. These are followed by the penitents who have narrowly escaped being burnt, who over their black coats have flames painted, with their points turned downwards—Fuego revolto. Next come the negative and relapsed, who are to be burnt, having flames on their habits, pointing upwards. After these come such as profess doctrines contrary to the faith of Rome, who, besides flames pointing upwards, have their picture painted on their breasts, with dogs, serpents, and devils, all open-mouthed, about it. Each prisoner is attended by a familiar of the Inquisition; and those to be burnt have also a Jesuit on each hand, continually preaching to them to

abjure. After the prisoners, comes a troop of familiars on horseback, and after them come the inquisitors, and other officers of the court, on mules; last of all, the inquisitor-general, on a white horse, led by two men with black hats and green hat bands. A scaffold is erected big enough for two or three thousand people; at one end of which are the prisoners, at the other the inquisitors. After a sermon, made up of encomiums of the Inquisition, and invectives against heretics, a priest ascends a desk near the middle of the scaffold, and having taken the abjuration of the penitents, recites the first sentence of those who are to be put to death, and delivers them to the secular arm, earnestly beseeching at the same time the secular power not to touch their blood or put their lives in danger. The prisoners being thus in the hands of the civil magistrate, are presently loaded with chains, and carried first to the secular gaol, and from thence, in an hour or two, brought before the civil judge, who, after asking in what religion they intend to die, pronounces sentence—on such as declare they die in the communion of the Church of Rome, that they shall be first strangled and then burnt to ashes: on such as die in any other faith, that they be burnt alive. Both are immediately carried to the place of execution, where there are as many stakes set up as there are prisoners to be burnt, with a quantity of dry furze about them. The stakes of such as persist in their heresy are about four yards high, having a small board on the top for the prisoner to be seated on. The negative and relapsed being first strangled and then burnt, the professed mount their stakes by a ladder; and the Jesuits, after several repeated exhortations to be reconciled to the church, part with them telling them that they leave them to the devil, who is standing at their elbow to receive their souls, and carry them

with him into the flames of hell. On this a great shout is raised, and the cry is 'Let the dogs' beards be made,' which is done by thrusting flaming furzes fastened to long poles into their faces, till their faces are burnt to a coal, which is accompanied by the loudest acclamations of joy. At last, fire is set to the furze at the bottom of the stakes, over which the professed are chained so high, that the top of the flame seldom reaches higher than the seat they sit on, so that they rather seem roasted than burnt. There cannot be a more lamentable spectacle; the sufferers continually cry out, while they are able, 'Misericordia por amor de Dios;' yet it is beheld by all sexes and ages with transports of joy and satisfaction."—*Encyclopedia Britannica*, 1778.

How difficult is the eradication of an evil principle and of bad laws! More than a century after the Reformation we find mankind so little imbued with charity and forbearance towards each other in the things of religion, that Jeremy Taylor's "Liberty of Prophesying," and Locke's "Letters on Toleration," were looked upon as mere paradoxes in their day. Another century passes, and *auto de fe's* are still in force. Again, nearly another century, and the Spanish Government is imprisoning or exiling its subjects for reading the Bible. But not without protest from the Roman Catholics of this kingdom against these acts. In the British Parliament, at all events, the voice of one Roman Catholic gentleman has been heard in vindication of the principles of religious liberty, viz., that of the member for Limerick. I do not agree with him in his view that the prejudices of the Spanish people are any excuse for the conduct of the Spanish Government. For I do not believe it is at all the Spanish people which has instigated the

persecution. But, otherwise, Mr. Monsell expresses sentiments that it is extremely satisfactory to quote.

"Mr. Monsell, who rose with Lord Palmerston, and to whom the noble lord gave way, reverting to the question of the Protestants in Spain, said that his opinions were well expressed by Father Lacordaire, who said:

"'The public conscience will always repel the man who asks for exclusive liberty, or forgets the rights of others; for exclusive liberty is but privilege, and liberty forgetful of the rights of others is nothing but treason. And there is in the heart of the honest man who speaks for all, and who in speaking for all sometimes seems to be speaking against himself,—there is in that man a power, a logical and moral superiority which almost invariably begets reciprocity. So Catholics know this well; if you want liberty for yourselves ask it for all men under Heaven. If you ask it for yourselves only, it will never be granted. Give it when you are masters, in order that it may be given to you when you are slaves.'

"This was a question of extreme delicacy, because we were dealing, not with the Spanish Government, but with the involved prejudices of the Spanish people—prejudices which we could easily understand, when we remembered that Catholic emancipation, though advocated by the most eminent men of the day, was long prevented by the public voice, and saw that from all England or Scotland but one Roman Catholic, the noble lord the member for Arundel, was sent to that House. He could only desire that those persons in Spain who wished to continue these laws would come over to Ireland, and see the working of a totally opposite principle. He desired that they should see the strength and life visible in the Catholic Church in Ireland, in spite of the difficulties she had

to contend with, because although she had no privileges there, she had complete liberty. The best means for the spread of the Catholic Church, was for that Church to trust as little as possible to privileges, and to maintain everywhere the cause of religious liberty. He hoped that Spain would cease to be the one exception to all the other Catholic countries of Europe, and he believed of the world, in having laws which were directly opposed to the first principles of religious liberty."—*Times*.

APPENDIX P.

P. 264. No people in Europe surpasses the Spanish nation in those qualities which shed a delightful charm over social existence. Vulgar vices are unknown. No people on earth surpasses them in high-bred courtesy. How is it then that, in a country whose people would shrink from using a word or expression that could wound, there exists the spirit of persecution? I state freely my opinion, that the Spanish nation would neither persecute nor injure any man for reading his Bible, were the people left to judge that point for themselves. It is the Spanish Government, instigated by ignorant and fanatic priests, which is guilty of persecution.

Sir George Bowyer has alleged, that "a Spaniard might be made almost anything: he could be made an infidel, but it was quite impossible to convert him into a Protestant." This is a very old form of argument. "You may think ill of slavery," says the slave-owner; "but to manumit the slaves would be a most dangerous experiment: these men are quite unfitted for

freedom: keep them as they are." So we are not to let the Spaniard have his Bible, lest he turn infidel. "His Bible?" says Sir George Bowyer. "It is a great mistake to suppose that the Catholic Church objects to the reading of the Bible. The more people read the Bible, the more they will see the truths of the Catholic religion. The only question is, what is the rule of faith to be applied to the Bible?" Now, I always desire to take a gentleman's word for a matter of fact. But what staggers me is this: In England, the Roman Catholic Church is numerically small, and has no power of shutting up its people to the sole teaching of those whom it esteems orthodox. In Spain, the Roman Catholics are completely masters of the position, and have it quite in their power to shut up the people to the sole teaching of the Roman Catholic Church. But in England, Roman Catholics read the Bible freely; in Spain, every effort is made to prevent the people reading the Bible. Will Sir George Bowyer condescend to explain the anomaly?

The real truth is, that the Roman Catholic Church has always attempted to secure, where possible, a monopoly for herself. The effect has been pretty much the same as with other monopolies: a depreciated commodity—scarce, dear, and spurious. But there are, nevertheless, strong partizans of monopoly.

I recommend them to study the question anew. In England, they may learn what a blessing it is, *even to Roman Catholics*, to have an enlightened Government, to secure *to them* free access to that Book whose tendency (as admitted by themselves) is to make them better Catholics; delivering them from that underlying infidelity which lurks beneath the folds of a religion enforced by penal enactments and coercive laws.

APPENDIX Q.

The Sierra Nevada, lifting up its snow-clad crest in an almost tropical climate, is a very magnificent and striking sight. The sugar-cane is cultivated within sight of the snowy range of the Sierra Nevada.

APPENDIX R.

Mark that pile
So delicately chiselled by the hand
Of Nature. 'Tis an organ.—Vide p. 104.

In the gorge of the Sierra Morena there is a remarkable tier of rocks, which, from its resemblance to the pipes of an organ, is called *los organos*. The legend, pp. 104—106, is based upon the peculiar structure of the rocks in that precipitous mountain pass.

THE END.

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